

Second Chances

by fever11

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Summary: Clarke and Lexa have been dating for years. Their love for each other was never questioned until one moment changes their lives forever. Now their love is put to the ultimate test and no one knows if they will ever be the same couple again. This story is inspired by the song "Never Forget You" by Zara Larson

1. Chapter 1- All I Need Is You

"What is a beautiful woman like you doing here all alone?" Rolling her eyes she picked up her drink to take a sip.

Scanning her from head to toes she took in the blondes feature. Attractive she was as her messy curls fell off her shoulders. Hunger and lust filled her stormy eyes.

"Trying to decide if I should waste my time with you."

The girl stepped forward so that the beautiful woman was trapped in front of her.

"You wouldn't be wasting anything with me." Smiling she knew the girl was going to lose this battle. It was only a matter of time before she gave in.

Leaning into the girl, she whispered closely in her, "Only if you can catch me."

In seconds she was off running around the house to use the couch as a shield. A shriek of laughter followed as the woman began to chase.

"I can totally catch you Woods."

"No, you can't!" Sticking out her tongue she made a move towards the

kitchen but the other girl was already closer. She moved her body to psych out the girl but she stood there unmoving waiting for her to make the real move.

"Come on, can't keep up?" Smirking the brunette made her move towards the bedroom but Clarke was quicker grabbing her from behind and pulling them to fall back on the couch.

Lexa shrieked at the warm hands as soft kisses were pressed against her neck. The laughing got louder as Clarke began to purposefully lick her neck.

"Ew!" Trying to wiggle her way out, Clarke's arm became tighter enjoying slobbering all over her girlfriend.

"I'm going to kill you."

"Oh yeah well then who is going to do this for you?" In one swift motion she released the hold she had and moved to top her so she could capture her favorite lips.

Pulling away Lexa never felt the smile fall off her face. "You are trouble."

"That is why you love me." Kissing her again she let her hands roam under her shirt wanting access to her beloved body. Just as she received permission the phone began to go off. They knew it was Lexa's as they had made their ringtones very distinctive since work called so much.

Lexa let out a soft moan not wanting her to be taken from her. "Clarke." She began to make her way down on her neck sucking on the girl's weak spot.

"I have to get that." Moaning as her hands traveled to her waistband. Knowing if she didn't move fast she would be done for so she turned her over.

"I told you, trouble." Pecking her lips one more time she lifted herself off to grab her phone. Only Clarke could make her go this crazy as she tried to even her breathe out to pick up the phone.

"Hello?" Hearing the girl's voice Clarke reached for the speakers playing the most sexual song she had.

"Of course." Lexa responded as the blonde peered up from the couch wiggling her eyebrows as she removed her own shirt.

'Fuck you' Lexa mouthed as she heard the song blast through the room. Groaning from the kitchen and trying to focus on the person the other line Clarke began to dance. Her girlfriend was going to be the death of her.

"What no we aren't having sex right now!" Turning her attention back to the phone she really tried to listen to whatever her best friend was ranting about.

"That's your I'm about to have sex voice." Anya demanded from the other side knowing how they got. The two could not keep their hands

off each other for a minute.

"Ugh Anya, come one what do you want? Clarke is taking off her pants."

Pouting and shaking her body up and down like a little girl she tried to ignore her girlfriend who began to make her way towards her.

"Just once if I have the chance, the things I would do to you." Clarke sang as she thrust her hips to Ginuwine's Pony.

The girl on the other line was beginning to rant about something but Lexa was focused on the woman who was starting to remove her bra. Eyes locked in front her tongue danced on her lips signaling what she was craving. Her body was going to break just watching.

Covering the microphone she whispered, "Don't do that, you know that's my favorite part!"

Clarke knew how much fun Lexa always had undressing her but she really wanted to get the show on the road. Letting her own hands roam her own body she continued to dance.

"Of course I'm listening. Yes, we will be there. Okay love you too. Bye."

Finally hanging up on her friend she felt her girlfriend run into her arms wrapping her legs around her waist and arms around her neck.

Pressing her forehead against her she whispered, "You Clarke Griffin are one mean person."

"Mmh shut up and kiss me already."

Happily Lexa took her lips already feeling her emotions spike. Everything ceased to exist with only lust on their mind. Lexa walked them to their room where she would make love to the woman of her dreams.

"I can't find it!" Lexa yelled roaming through the draws, she flipped all the clothes over looking for her tie. Convinced it had magical powers everything always went according to plan when she wore it.

"Clarke! Do you-" She was cut off as the girl walked out of the bathroom with the tie in hand.

"I knew you I loved you for a reason." Twirling her finger Lexa turned around as Clarke began to help put her tie on. Adjusting her tie began to hum turning the brunette back around.

That was a feeling Lexa would never get tired of. Just watching Clarke could make her head dizzy. More than convinced she knew the world just had to stop when she looked at her. The way the sunlight peeking in from the window brightened her blue eyes. Or the way she always smiled at her as it was only reserved for her.

"Some magical hands you got there. Can I put them to good use?"

Lexa's smirk was quickly wiped off when Clarke pulled the knot up and grasped her tie to make it tight.

"That's no way to talk to a woman." Nodding her head in agreement she swallowed down feeling so turned on by her incredibly sexy girl.

Today was going to be a busy day for them. Clarke's childhood friend, Octavia was getting married which meant everything was perfection. Unfortunately for Lexa today meant bridesmaid dress shopping. No matter how many times she tried to convince Octavia she wasn't wearing a dress she was always threatened by something new.

Their last conversation ended with Octavia threatening to set her on fire while she slept. So maybe she slept with one eye open for a few weeks but Clarke assured her she would protect her.

She watched her girl walk around the room in her white dress that flowed off her knees and black heels that gave her an extra boost. Beautiful as always even in the most simplest of clothing.

"Come here Casper." Clarke spoke picking up their grumpy cat off the floor who groaned in annoyance.

Casper was the real troublemaker of the house, at least that's what Lexa believed. They both wanted a pet but the thing was neither of them were around enough to care for one. After much debating they decided a cat would be the best option.

Picking the whitest furball Clarke wanted to name him after her favorite childhood movie, Casper the Friendly Ghost.

Lexa wouldn't admit to how much she hated it but she was wrapped around her finger and knew she would cave in no matter what. Clarke placed some water in his bowl announcing it was time for them to leave.

"The car is here."

"Aren't we meeting them there?" Lexa followed her down the stairs and made her way to the mirror one last time to make sure she looked good.

"You look gorgeous as always come on now you egotistical woman." Clarke called out as she headed through the door.

"I'm letting that one slide!" She retorted knowing Clarke could get away with that any day. The blonde was the only person in this world who could somehow manage to compliment and insult her at the same time while making the butterflies move around.

Opening the door for her lady they jumped in the SUV where Octavia, Raven, Anya, and Echo were all already waiting for them in the car.

"Finally everyone is all here!" Raven called out as she handed everyone a glass of champagne.

"I'd like to make a toast." Everyone settled down to hear the Aerospace engineer talk.

"Being the maid of honor since Clarke you won't be here much longer due to my diabolical plan to rid you the day of the wedding.

"Hey!" Clarke shouted from the other side of the car knowing how jealous she got because Octavia had chosen her.

"Fine being the understudy maid of honor, I hope you and Lincoln live a long and healthy life yada yada yada. You two were always meant to be yada yada. Now let's have a good time today."

Raising their glasses they all clinked taking sips from the bubbling alcohol.

"That is why Clarke is the maid of honor." Octavia spoke drowning down the rest of the drink.

"We have a deal, don't forget!" Raven proclaimed pouring them all another round. It was unfortunately true. Raven was going to be Clarke's maid of honor and Octavia was going to be Raven's. It was a deal they spat on when they were ten years old climbing and dangling from trees.

"So when are you two uglies getting married?" Echo pointed between the two lovebirds who had their hands interlocked as always.

"We are happily unmarried." Looking over she received a bright smile from Lexa. It was a question they received all the time and truly did not care to give anymore answers or mind to it.

"It's been like what ten years?" Counting on her fingers Anya tried to remember back to college when the two had first met. It almost felt like centuries having come such a long way since.

"Eleven perfect years and nine incredible months." Lexa grinned placing a small kiss on Clarke's lips.

"Ugh not now! Octavia ban them from PDA!" Adhering to the Raven's request Octavia nudged herself between the kiss to prevent them from touching and kissing.

"No kissing in the car. My day my rules!"

Before she could even apply her rule Lexa and Clarke began to stare at each other from behind. No kissing, no touching just direct eye contact knowing the exact buttons to push.

"They are making heart eyes at each other, aren't they?" The other three girls nodded watching Octavia move away from the two lovers to sit back in her old seat.

"Ew no we all knows where this leads to."

Lexa swore it was the ultimate power they had. Clarke scooted back to her girlfriend wrapping an arm around her waist. It was power that pretty much guarantee them anything from their friends.

Discovering it one night at a bar, Anya promised to buy them a round of drinks if they stopped staring at each other like two lovesick puppies. Their friends loved them to death but their love for each

other could be so overwhelming. Ever since if they toned down the heart eyes, they would get what they wanted. Henceforth came the power of Clexa, or at least that was what Clarke had called it as Lexa recalled.

After four stops the girls began to raid the next store looking for dresses. The color theme was blue but not any blue though. See Octavia was hell bent on arctic blue.

Lexa preferred the color of Clarke's eyes but she apparently she was banned from voicing an opinion unless told so since she stated that daisies were a better choice over lilacs.

In all honesty she couldn't keep up with all the wedding lingo as did Anya who walked aimlessly around the store pretending she understood. Though her cousin loved a good wedding she wouldn't understand either all the craziness that went with it.

"They dragged you along too?" Turning her head Lexa caught sight of a man who was sitting just as bored. About ten bags surrounded him as he guarded the fortress of the shopping spree.

"Unfortunately so."

"I'm Brian."

"Lexa." Shaking his hand, his eyebrow raised as a realization hit him.

"Wait are you the Lexa Woods?" Nodding her head he quickly pulled out his phone in excitement.

"Could I get a picture with you? You were on TIME'S 100 Most Influential people!"

"That I was." Moving around she posed for the picture smiling wide then signing the paper being handed to her.

"The work you are doing is amazing. You helped my cousin come out to his family. I can't take you enough."

"He did that all on his own. He probably just needed to recognize the strong man fighting inside him."

Before he could respond her name was being called out from somewhere in the store. "Lexa!"

Quickly moving to be by her side she excused herself of her conversation knowing she would have her head if she didn't move fast enough. A bride on her wedding day was not one to mess with but the maid of honor who had to put up with it was a hundred times worse to piss off. Something else Lexa had learned the hard way.

"Yes my love?" Arriving at her side with hands behind her back she prepared herself for the worst.

"My Lexa senses were tingling. Were you flirting with someone?"

"Nope, I think those senses are on overdrive lately." Lexa spoke as

she tapped her fingers on her head.

"Ugh you're right." Placing a soft peck on Lexa's lip she continued, "You don't have any game."

"So how did I get you?" She followed the blonde into the dressing room.

"Because I had game." A smile crept on her face knowing she couldn't disagree. Releasing their hands Clarke pulled away to hand her a dress.

"Go try this on." Examining the dress, Lexa preferred to run a hundred miles than wear this.

"I'm gonna kill her Clarke."

Zippering up from behind she walked her girlfriend to the multiple mirrors to look at herself from all different angles.

"Too many of me." Lexa grumbled as arms wrapped around her waist and chin resting on her shoulder

"You Lexa Woods are the most stunning human being I've ever laid eyes on." Playing with the fingers on her she truly had no idea how incredible she looked.

The dress showed off every feature from her curves to muscular calves. There was no way it didn't compliment her skin tone either already being so pale as she was.

Clarke didn't need some poll or magazine to tell her that her girlfriend was the sexist woman alive. She could be wearing a garbage bag and still would only have eyes for her.

"This is why we are never getting married. Octavia is going crazy out there."

Nothing seemed to be going right in Octavia's eyes. The dresses were a disaster as everything had a small feature she could not handle. Whether it was too much tulle or cut too short or anything else Octavia was not too happy.

Placing a small kiss on the side of her forehead she chuckled. That was a topic people asked them since the moment they started dating. Their love was real to them and that was enough confirmation needed.

"I've never seen Octavia like this."

"Wedding stress really gets to you and you really should wear dresses more often."

"But I like pants."

"And I like the way you look in a dress."

Before she could respond Clarke's phone went off. They let it run to voicemail but it then ran again.

"If it's Octavia can we run away and never come back?" Turning in her arms she wrapped around her waist closing all space between them.

"How about our own vacation?"

"That sounds perfect."

"Spain? Italy?"

"Morocco." Clarke confirmed hearing her phone go off again.

"Think you should take it babe."

"Ugh." Pulling away she reached for her never letting her eyes slip from her lovers.

"Hello?" The smile that plastered on her face quickly disappeared causing Lexa to tense up.

"I'm on my way."

"Everything okay?"

"Remember that little girl I was telling you about? She just coded, I have to go Lexa."

"Come on, I'll take you."

Gratefully her best friend understood that duty called and how much this patient meant to her. Excusing herself from the group she jetted to the hospital.

Clarke pulled off her hat letting her hair fall out. Angrily she threw it to the ground kicking the bin of waste. Tonight had turned into one of frustration.

Nothing in her mind could make her understand why bad things happened to good people. It wasn't fair to the little girl it just wasn't fair.

"Clarke?" Looking up from the ground her girlfriend spoke with her soft voice. Lexa took a seat on the floor with her girlfriend to hope to vent out. In seconds she fell into her arms letting out a loud sigh.

"Sometimes I hate my job Lexa." Well that was a first. Being a doctor was what she had wanted for so long.

"We saved the girl."

"But?"

"She is going to need surgery again and her parents can't afford it. If she doesn't get this she'll die."

Basically in Clarke's eyes she was already marked for death knowing another necessary surgery was not in her cards.

This was not news to Lexa as she countlessly heard her talk about the

issue.

This was not just a random patient. On Clarke's first day of residency she met the girl Charlotte.

Even if it was just to say hi, Clarke checked in on her everyday developing a connection. Her condition was not well but Clarke always had hope for her.

After sitting for a few more minutes in her arms Clarke reluctantly got up and went to tell the girl's parents the news.

The ride back home was one of silence. Lexa held her hand as her girlfriend was distracted by the passing lights.

Clarke was always passionate about her causes. Nothing was ever done half ass which was what got the idea in her head.

To save time they quickly showered together and crawled into bed. Bring in her close she fell into Lexa's body resting her head against her chest.

Tonight was a night she was reminded how lucky she was to have Lexa. She stayed the entire six hours of surgery waiting in the hospital for her. Not even going home her focus was on her girlfriend and nothing else.

"I love you." Clarke mumbled in her sleepy state. All it took was one kiss for her to fall asleep knowing she was safe in the only arms she ever wanted to be in.

"I love you too."

With the sun beating down on their bed Clarke knew it was time to get up no matter how badly she didn't want to. She worked so hard why couldn't she stay in bed all day was beyond her.

Rolling over to see if Lexa awake she quickly sat up to see her gone. Unless she was off to work Lexa ever rarely got up before her.

It was then that hit her the smell of food coming from the kitchen. Quickly putting on a pair of sweatpants she wrapped herself in a blanket and walked down the stairs.

"Good morning sunshine." Lexa chimed as she flipped the omelet.

"Food." Grumbling she sat on the stool watching the brunette do her thing.

Admittedly she had to keep her eyes closed because Lexa was in Clarke's very short shorts that made her ass peek out a bit. Come to think of it she was also wearing her sweatshirt.

It was all orchestrated because Clarke knew that Lexa knew how horny she got in the morning. If she didn't have a six hour surgery yesterday she would have already plotted her revenge.

"Your special omelet my lady."

"Couch?" Nodding her head they grabbed their food and laid on the couch to watch the morning news.

"Mmh Lexa I think this is your best one yet."

Shaking her head they let the morning ride out luckily both have the day off. Clarke had a full stomach and her morning kisses which meant it was the perfect time to ask her.

"Clarke."

"Mmh?"

"Can we do something?" Looking up from her lap she raised her eyebrow in confusion.

"Couldn't be more vague?" Laughing Lexa got up carefully placing Clarke's head back on the couch as she got her supplies.

"You want me to paint?" Taking off her shirt and already braless, Lexa cleared the floor where she laid on her stomach.

"You haven't painted me in a while. Thought you could use the fun."

Clarke jumped from the couch to change into her paint clothing before she grabbed the paint that laid around. With her knees on either side of Lexa's body she leaned in to whisper how much she loved her.

In seconds Lexa could feel the cold paint smeared onto her back. Shivering at first Clarke's hands warmed her up as they roamed her body.

"Don't move." Clarke spoke picking up her phone to take a picture.

"What are you doing?"

"Shh."

Taking her girlfriend's phone she took another picture to post on Twitter. Since her girlfriend was in the spotlight due to her position and large voice in the LGBT community she knew her followers would love this.

**** Lexa_Woods: Finger painting by my favorite artist****

A short time passed as music began to play in the background. Easily Lexa could have fallen asleep but she was nervous. There was something important she had to ask her. Clarke would be on board but it still nerve wrecked her and she needed her in the best mood if she were going to do this.

"Almost done babe."

"When do I get to know what it is?"

"When you stop asking."

"Could I ask you something else then?"

"Sure, what's up?" Take a deep breathe Clarke immediately pulled her hands back noticing her back muscles tense. Must be serious knowing Lexa never was nervous around her.

"I want to run for mayor." After the words were spoken she held in her breath waiting for a response. Clarke got up and walked around so that she laid on the floor too facing Lexa.

"Why the sudden change?"

"There are so many things wrong I want to fix. Just by being an advocate for the LGBT community for example makes me lose so many investors. Equality my ass. I also hear you talk constantly about how people do not have the money to get the treatment they need and I want to change that. I want to use my powers and fame for some good."

"Lexa, of course I will support you and be your leading Lady. This is a wonderful idea."

That special smile jumped on her face as Lexa quickly stood up so she could lay herself on Clarke. Peppering kisses all over her face she spoke in between each.

"You. Are. The. Best." Finally taking her lips she claimed mark to them when Clarke gave her access. Lexa began to explore her mouth as Clarke's hands reach down her legs.

It took seconds before Lexa started smiling when her favorite song began to play. Clarke groaned knowing exactly what she was going to ask and as if on cue Lexa pleaded.

"Please Clarke." She groaned having wanted to do it to this song since she first heard it.

"No." Clarke spoke as her lips traveled down her neck. Sucking on her weak spot Lexa reached for the paint in complete pleasure. Just as Clarke moved back to her lips Lexa placed a small amount of paint on her nose causing Clarke to open her mouth in shock.

"You did not." With hands covered in paint she pulled the girl close to bring her into a deep kiss. Now Clarke had blue handprints on both sides of her cheeks.

"'Cause I just wanna do you in the paint. I wanna make love to you in the place I-I rolling around in the mess that we made. Brushing and stroking the best sex we made." Lexa sang along jumping off Clarke.

Clarke immediately stood up grabbing some of the paint off the floor. Wasting paint was something she hated more than anything but if it was going to get her laid then it really wasn't a waste now.

"Gotta something for you underneath my overalls. About to give you a rush. Show you baby I know how to work a paint brush. You're my canvas so I'ma sign my name."

Clarke had danced her way over to her girlfriend singing along as she slowly unbuckled her overalls. Lexa's eyes became dark licking her

lips in complete desire.

"Come here." Not able to wait much longer Lexa motioned her closer closing the gap. Running her hands through the blonde hair she smeared the paint everywhere her hands touched.

The mess was going to be one terrible one to clean up but Clarke had to admit it was hot as hell. Slipping on the paint she brought them both to the floor in a heat of laughter. Clarke rolled them over to get her girlfriend now completely smeared in paint. Moving her neck to the side Clarke devoured what was hers letting her hand creep in between her thighs.

Yes Lexa was sure of it. Best morning ever.

2. Chapter 2- Ready, Set, Run

Sitting in her office she debated if it was a good idea to eat the leftover food. Of course she didn't want it to go to waste it was food for crying out loud. She also wasn't entirely sure how long it was in there. Was it safe? Probably not but she decided to take a bite of the food anyway.

Now that it was settled it was time to return back to her campaign. Ideally this a wonderful idea but Lexa forgot to take into account the extra work she was going to have to sort through. Everything had been going well on the business end as her focus became redirected to her new political status.

Technically she could fund herself but she would prefer to be more involved in the community to get the support of local business. Having done charity work before she hoped it wouldn't be a problem. After all she helped many business here get started.

Though Lexa's business was a big corporation she couldn't not help local business. Lexa truly believed they were the spine of the economy as it was how she got her business going.

A knock on the door brought her away from her food. Her new campaign manager was waiting silently in his suit.

"Come in."

"Hello ."

"Titus you know it's Lexa." He stood next to the couch as Lexa walked around her desk to lean on front. In all honesty his bald head scared off many people but Lexa had dealt with so much worse.

"You need to announce your candidacy tomorrow."

"I'll call Clarke to make sure she is free."

"Before you do Lexa we need to discuss how we are going to handle this."

"Handle what?"

"You being gay." Lexa felt her body tense up at thought. It wasn't

all she was but it was a part of her she took pride in. She hadn't thought much about her sexual orientation being an issue but not everyone was as liberal.

"That won't go ever well with the public."

"I want my campaign to be based on the idea of my uniqueness. I'm not like other mayors."

"Polis has never had a gay mayor. This will be very difficult. I can assure you the hate you have received in the past will be amplified. They'll use it against you."

Walking around the table her eye caught sight of the picture of Clarke on her desk. Part of the reason she was running was because of Clarke. Her girlfriend inspired her to be a better to do better.

Become an advocate was because Clarke had pushed her to be open about it after constantly complaining her job didn't help anyone. She didn't want to just donate, she wanted to do something. It was how she came up with her previous campaigns and it was now why she was running.

"They'll also use it against Clarke." Lexa could handle the hate and she knew Clarke could too but the idea of someone trying to hurt her to try to get to her was nerveing.

Titus has described her sexual orientation as a weakness but Lexa was going to use it as weapon. None of the other candidates were like her which meant she had an opportunity to fix things that had been constantly broken by the same candidates.

"Well then there is a first time for everything."

"Very well then we have one more topic to discuss." Having settled the matter with no need of further discussion.

"What?"

"Marriage."

Lexa was in her home office sorting through some paperwork. The pile work kept growing and growing with the stress that was just going to make her head blow off. There was ideas circulating on a merger which was something she was going to make sure did not happen.

Despite her desire to keep the company independent, her favorite branch was suffering. The auto industry was facing a few blows with oil prices rising and people's less desire to travel. There was only so much they could do on their own end. She couldn't help but want to buy out all her competitors so she wouldn't have any but that wouldn't go over to well with the government.

The closing of the front door brought her out of the papers as her name was being called out from the hallway.

"Lexa?"

"I'm in the office." Lexa called back trying to find the paper that had to be filled out. She was never messy but the past few days had been excruciating busy. Nothing was in order and her assistant was sick which meant none of her filing was getting done.

"What are you still doing up? It's past midnight." Clarke leaned against the door frame as the woman continued to search for the paper.

"Waiting for you to come home." Head still down she knew if she looked up she would never look back down. Titus was going to have her head if she didn't have it signed by tomorrow morning.

"It's late Lexa, I told you that you don't have to wait for me." Though Lexa could get out of work whenever she pleased Clarke was not as lucky. There were nights where she would come home late at night due to being in a surgery for long.

"I can't go to bed without seeing your face." Clarke couldn't help but smile as she pushed off the door to sit on the couch in the room. Plopping on the couch she heard a long sigh of frustration come from the desk.

"You need to leave work in the office, Lex." She patted her lap to signal the brunette to sit down.

Not being able to resist she finally made her way away from the desk and into her girlfriend's lap. Resting her head on her chest she sprawled her feet on top of the blonde's and wrapped securing arms around her waist.

Clarke began to rub circles on her back as they laid in silence for a few minutes. Clarke was her stress reliever. All it took was just one look to feel like nothing else mattered. To know at the end of the day she had her to come home to was enough to just get through no matter how daunting the day was.

"Clarke?" Responding with a kiss on the top of her head Lexa continued. "I met with Titus today. He wants me to get married."

"Why?"

"He says a married person always looks better when running. It makes them look like they have their life together, are well put, and fit for the job. Since I already have all the conservatives against me he thinks this is the best move."

"Do you want us to get married?" Clarke began to play with Lexa's fingers afraid to ask the question directly. They had been over the topic of marriage so much but every time they concluded they were happy just the way they are.

"Why change something that is good?"

"Because it could be better."

Another sigh came from the brunette. The real reason Lexa was opposed to it was because she had seen her mother marry and divorce many different times. Marriage equaled failure in her life. Relationships

in her family never went well, her father and her have been butting heads for years. Now that they had this, she had Clarke, she didn't want to lose it. It took them months before Lexa caved in to actually calling them girlfriends.

"We've been together for almost twelve years now Lexa. Do you really think I have any intentions of leaving you?"

"No."

"So then why not try this?" Lexa got up from the girl's arm and stood from the couch bringing Clarke with her.

"This is not how I want to propose to you Clarke. I've always wanted this to be a special moment. I also don't want to force you into this if you aren't ready."

"Relax Lexa, we've been acting like a married couple for years now. All we are doing is putting it on paper okay?"

"I'm going to give you the best wedding ever and an even better proposal when I get you a ring."

"Yeah okay Woods." Nodding her head sarcastically she placed a small kiss lingering longer than she intended. Clarke knew she was crazy in love and going to be married to this girl one day. It was only a matter of time before they finally decided to do this.

Walking back up the stairs Clarke removed her scrubs and headed into the shower as Lexa got into in bed.

So maybe Clarke did crave for a wedding but she wouldn't want to admit that to Lexa. They were probably going to just sign the papers and call it official. A real wedding wouldn't happen until the election was over due to craziness of a wedding.

Walking out of the shower she caught her now fiancÃ© in bed with her luscious free curls flowing everywhere, her dorky glasses, and of course some paper work. She wished she could enjoy the sight of her stuffed animal but she was breaking one of their rules.

They were always drenched in their jobs having been invested and dedicated to their careers. It was partly why their relationship worked so well. They understood each other and never stood in the way of the other's dreams.

When they moved in together, however, they created one ultimate rule in the bedroom and that was no work was ever to be done in it. It was meant for some Clarke and Lexa time and work would not interfere would it.

Watching Lexa about to flip the page she almost jumped down her throat.

"Alexandria Woods flip over another page and no sex for two weeks." Immediately her eyes shot up from her work in shock as she moved the work to the night stand. Caught red handed she didn't move a muscle as Clarke made her way onto the bed.

"No sex for you." Clarke rolled over as she gave her back to the

brunette. Her jaw dropped as the covers were pulled over her head. The no sex card was a very mean move because it gave the other so much control.

Lexa took it as her chance to grab the girl from her waist to pull her to press against her body as Clarke shrieked at the sudden movement. In heat of laughter Lexa tickled her stomach with Clarke kicking her feet everywhere.

"Lexa!"

"You know you can't resist me." Lexa commanded choosing to switch to kisses on the back of her neck. Freeing her neck open for her it was only right she caved in to the lust.

"It's so late." Clarke started when suddenly she felt hands making their way down her leg. "L-Lexa." Stuttering her words her body was ready to let her take control no matter how much her mind was trying to fight it.

If kryptonite was Superman's weakness than Lexa was her kryptonite. There was nothing she could imagine that she wouldn't do for her. That was why she gave up.

"Fuck it." Clarke conceded as she turned her body around taking what was rightfully hers. Lexa was caught off by the crashing lips letting her hands continue the work.

With all lust, desires, and stress put aside Clarke would not know what she could possibly do without this woman.

That feeling remained inside her the next morning. It took a while before Lexa knew what that feeling truly was. There were nights where she wondered why she felt this way about her. How was it possible to always feel on cloud nine yet completely grounded around someone?

Afraid of the sunlight that was going to beam down into her eyes she became hesitant to move. Suddenly a soft wind blew in and she could feel her body begin to shiver. She was almost positive they didn't leave any window opens. So she reached over to the blonde hoping to keep her warm.

Her hands grasped only at air as the woman had already gotten up. Before she even thought about going back to sleep she could hear a guitar being played from behind. Clarke was playing her guitar and that was more than enough to get the girl jumping out of bed.

When Clarke played her guitar it was only very rarely in the morning and on very special occasions. To hear her play was like looking for the Loch Ness Monster. It came and goes as it please and if you caught sight of it you were one lucky bastard. No matter how many times she tried to convince her Clarke claimed she needed to feel it and be in the moment.

Sitting up she looked over to see Clarke through the french doors on the balcony. Wearing her lace robe with only a bra and underwear on, the blonde hair was being taken away by the wind. Lexa had to rub her eyes a few times to make sure she wasn't still dreaming.

Calamity filled the room with the raspy voice sending chills all over her body. The girl's voice was just the right amount of imperfection for the song.

Guaranteed she was looking at an angel she quickly grabbed her phone to capture this moment forever. Gratefully her girl was into classic rock and loved to add her own twist to it. Clarke was strumming her guitar as she sang the lyrics of her favorite song.

"I can't shoot them anymore. That cold black cloud is comin' around." The raspy voice carried out into the room as Lexa moved her way with the camera. Clarke couldn't help but laugh noticing Lexa who zoomed into her face and pulled away.

Her camera skills were not great but she was determined to catch this moment in anyway she could so she could put it to memory. She signaled her with her hands to keep continuing to forget that she was even there.

"Feels like I'm knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door." Lexa sat on the opposing chair listening to Clarke play her rendition of the song. She was looking at an angel, her angel.

"Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door."

Watching her strum the guitar she knew it wasn't a mistake to marry Clarke. This was going to be best decision of her life. There was no other way she could imagine waking up to anyone but Clarke Griffin.

Sure her mother fucked up in the past and her father pretty much hated her but this could not go wrong. Not every relationship was meant to fail. Almost twelve years with Clarke and now she was going to have her till her last breathe.

"You stare too much." Clarke grumbled as she leaned back against the chair.

"I'm wondering if I could cross off amazing sex with an angel on my balcony off my bucket list."

"Guess you are going to have to wait longer for that fantasy."

Lexa groaned loudly and obnoxiously hoping to get her point across that she was not thrilled with that idea.

"Good morning to you too." Rolling her eyes Clarke leaned forward to kiss her good morning then fall back into her chair.

"Why the sudden inspiration? Oh my god are you pregnant?"

"No ya dork. We are getting married remember?"

"Doesn't ring a bell."

"Must be all that mind blowing sex you are having."

"Oh yeah right, that could be triggering my memory loss."

"Don't sound too excited." Jumping up Lexa leaned over the chair

pushing against the arm chair.

"Oh yeah right." Lexa responded again this time adding a sexual tone to it. Clarke brought them another deep kiss already missing the feeling she got.

Lexa pulled away when her eyes caught sight of the papers on the table.

"Its already signed Lex." Clarke noticed where line of sight went as she answered the unspoken question. Picking up the papers she scanned through the document where Clarke had agreed.

"We're doing this?"

"And will wait to after Octavia's wedding to announce it."

Lexa nodded her head as she picked up the pen. Talking through the possibilities they didn't want to steal the spotlight away from Octavia who was jumping over the moon about her wedding.

They would have a small wedding right after hers just to have a ceremony but other than they were happy just the way it was.

Lexa signed in every spot she had to. This was finally it she was going to become Alexandria Woods-Griffin. That took a lot of debating but she was happy with the name.

"Do you Lexa take Clarke to be your lawfully wedded wife?" Clarke whispered in her ear.

The sudden thought of Clarke being her wife brought her the biggest smile. Signing the last line she looked towards Clarke who too was also smiling from ear to ear.

"I Lexa Woods take you Clarke Griffin to be my lawfully wedded wife to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part." Lexa spoke with pride and joy.

Cupping her face she kissed her wife like she never had before. Laced with passion, lust, and just the right amount of tenderness. She meant every word she had said. Nothing could ever stop her from loving her.

The alarm went off signaling they had to get a move on. Today was the day Lexa was to announce her candidacy. Preferably Clarke could sit on the balcony all day making sweet sweet love to Lexa but the real life called and would not let them leave a message.

"I think we have enough money to run away to an island and never look back." Clarke offered knowing their salaries combined could totally make for a perfect getaway.

"Don't say tempting things like that. Come on let's go before Titus has our heads."

The press already swarmed the entrance to her building where a podium stood. Maybe she was in overhead to run for mayor. She was a business woman not a politician. There were so many things she had been

learning to prepare for this moment.

So many of the previous nights were spent learning about the city and its laws as well as taking positions on sides of conflict.

Some of their friends and family had come out to support which made her even more nervous because she didn't want to fail them.

"You're going to do great." Lexa looked over her shoulder to see Clarke standing there patiently waiting.

"You always take away my breathe away you know that?" Lexa walked over to Clarke who was dressed in a simple blue dress that shaped her hip but flowed out at the knees. Her favorite blonde hair was straightened out for the special occasion.

"I don't think I'll ever be as incredible as you are." Pecking her lips she could feel the adrenaline run through her veins. The public saw her as this stoic business woman but with Clarke she was an extreme mush ball. Just like every kiss she could feel the mushiness inside her swell.

She could hear an introduction being made knowing it was now time.

"I'm never leaving your side. Don't forget that." Nodding her head in recognition Lexa took hold of her wife's hand and led them out the door where the cameras began to flash.

Lexa leaned down to place a kiss on Clarke's cheek. There was going to be plenty of those pictures plastered everywhere. She let go of her hand so that she could stand right behind the podium. This was her chance to make a difference and that was what she was going to do.

"Good afternoon everyone." The noise settled down as everyone waited to hear what the young CEO was going to say. Looking around the area Lexa caught sight of her friends who was cheering her on even getting a holler from Raven.

Wanting to smile she kept a straight face to show her level headedness. Looking into the cameras she began the speech she had practiced many times before in front of Clarke.

"Ghandi once told us that we must be the change we want to see in the world. Polis has always and will always forever be my home. I want to see our city flourish to rise above all else. Which is why I am here today with the support of family, friends, and most importantly the love of my life to tell you that I will be running for mayor."

It caught everyone off guard even some of her friends. She watched the shock take hold of many people as no one expected the young CEO to make sure a political move. For a second she felt she had made the wrong decision that she was in over her head.

Then a sudden round of applause emerge before Lexa could say anything more. Giving a tight smile she nodded her head firmly around as some people began to shout Mayor Lexa. Spotting Anya in the crowd she had been the one to initiate the clapping grateful she could rely on her cousin for help. Raising her hand she signaled for everyone to tone

down so that she may continue.

"We are going to make Polis known for it's integrity, generosity, innovations, and fortitude. It's time we see a change with fresh young new eyes and I will be that person for you. Thank you."

Lexa was a woman of very little words knowing she didn't have to say much to get a crowd going. Everyone began to applaud her again as she stood for a few more pictures. Turning around her hand was caught by her wife and was leading them back into the building.

A few cameras began to follow flashing their lights through the window but Clarke knew better. She waited until they finally rounded the corner so that no one could see them. Pressing her against the wall she kissed her wife firmly with as much love and pride she could pour into it.

"I'm so proud of you." Clarke moved a strand of the brunette hair behind her ear as she let her palm rest against her cheek. Lexa leant into it feeling content, safe, and relax. Those were the most powerful words that could be spoken and hearing it from anyone else would not be the same.

A/N: Hope you are enjoying it so far!

3. Chapter 3- Lay It All Out

Clarke was rushing around the hospital hearing the sirens from half a mile away. She made her way to the ER room as fast as she could knowing it was only a matter of time before she would be called down anyway. Upon reaching the floor everything had already been taken care of to her disappointment.

The day was a rather slow one. In the public's eye it was a good thing but she preferred to be busy. Clarke loved her job and she was good at it too. Always on her feet, her mind was always ahead of the game and her body managed to keep up with it. Keeping a level head was her biggest attribute not going unnoticed where she worked.

Before returning back to the cafeteria, her pager went off. Jumping in excitement she headed towards the nurses station on her floor.

"What's up?" Reaching the nurse who was on the phone she pointed over her shoulder to the answer.

Turning around she saw her wife leaning against the wall with a single flower. It was always a stunning sight to see her woman especially at work. The smirk on her face proved she was up to something suspicious and mischievous as always. Dressed in her suit with rolled up sleeves, Clarke made her way over with a shaking of her head.

"They paged me for this?"

"I'll have you know I'm in urgent need of a doctor." Lexa removed herself from the wall where she held her smirk.

"Oh really what seems to be the problem?" Playing along she was interested to see what she had up her sleeve.

Lexa suddenly clutched onto her throat as she stumbled around. "Can't breathe."

Lexa held one hand out as the other grasped around her neck. Clarke reached out for the woman but missed her.

"Beautiful doctor." Lexa croaked as she moved uncoordinatedly across the floor. "Taking my breathe away." Clarke reached out in laughter again successfully grabbing the crazy woman to steady her out. Clutching onto her scrubs Lexa whispered, "I think I'm going to die."

Lexa's legs were giving out as she became limp in Clarke's arm.

"I think I can help." Clarke spoke as she cleared all the hair out of the girl's face.

"Save me doc!" Lexa shouted as her wife began to shut her up with a passionate kiss. Lexa reciprocated as she sighed in pleasure. There wasn't a care in the world if anyone was looking on. All that mattered was 'saving' Lexa and well getting her lady kisses in.

Clarke still holding her up felt Lexa pull away with a grin plastered on her face.

"I'm cured." Lexa helped herself back up so that now she could wrap her arms around her.

"Sometimes I wonder how people would react if they knew what a dramatic romantic sap you are."

"What can I say, you bring out the best in me." Lexa kissed her once more before handing her the flower. Turning the rose around in her hand she took a sniff of the natural smell. "You also do bring that horny side with that lab coat."

"Couldn't help yourself there, could you?" Lexa shook her as she received another kiss from the blonde.

Pulling away with a smile from ear to ear, the adrenaline rushing through her was what she needed for the very slow day. "So is there a real reason you graced me with your presence?"

"They are opening up a park down the road and they asked if I would cut the ribbon considering how much I donated. I was hoping you could come with me and look like the awesome power couple we are."

"You hate PDA, why the sudden change?"

"Titus thinks it will look good."

"Titus has a lot of opinions."

"He is just trying to do what's best for me."

"If you say so." Nodding her head she leaned forward closing all

space between them. Clarke reciprocated the hug loving the smell that came off her wife. Lexa placed a kiss on the top of her head before she left the girl go back to work.

"Oh wait Clarke!" Turning back around Lexa jogged back over.

Raising her eyebrow in questioning she watched as Lexa held out a wad of money from her pocket.

"Buy yourself a dress for the event."

"Lexa I don't need a dress. I have plenty."

"Yeah but I want you to have a new one." Eyeing her suspiciously she scanned her hand refusing to take the money.

"If you want me to get a new dress just tell me you don't have to give me money for it."

"I want to buy you one I'm just not sure which one you want Clarke." Lexa tried to reason but something seemed different to Clarke. This was unlike Lexa to offer her money like this.

You would think dating a millionaire would mean money wouldn't be a problem. That was far from the case. As soon as Lexa became extremely wealthy paying for things was awkward. Lexa had constantly insisted on paying for everything even when they moved in together.

Clarke had to set boundaries as it wasn't as if she was a poor woman. Even if she was it came down to self respect and integrity. Ever since they last talked about it, the issue never came up again as Lexa understood where she was coming from. They paid everything equally and fairly.

Now she couldn't tell why Lexa was suddenly offering her money and by the looks of it Clarke could buy herself ten expensive dresses and still have money left over.

"I appreciate the sentiment Lexa but I'll buy a new one on my own, don't worry. Okay?" Clarke didn't really give her a chance to respond as she spotted a chaste kiss on her lips and walked away. There was no response she really wanted to hear and not talking about it felt like the best thing to do. It was very random of the situation but Clarke decided to shrug it off and let it go.

"Oh my god! Clarke your face is plastered on the front page of Sky!" Octavia was flipping through a magazine when she jumped off the couch to run into the kitchen where Clarke was cooking.

"That's random. Why?" Clarke vocalized cutting up the vegetables. Grabbing the magazine out of her hands she noticed her and Lexa were all over the front page of the magazine. It was very rare of her to be on it mostly because Lexa's publicists did everything to keep her face out of the media due to Lexa's request.

It was expected she would see her face every once in awhile mostly because they were just caught walking together or doing something coupley. The only other time she really was in the media was when Lexa became a public advocate for an LGBT organization.

This magazine was different, having her face central alongside with Lexa. It didn't take a long for Clarke to get angry because she finally understood what Titus was doing and what Lexa was failing to see.

The reason they kept Clarke's face out of the media was because they didn't want it to affect her career. She wanted people to want her because of her skill. One hospital who she interviewed a while back persistently asked about Lexa and their relationship. It wasn't till later she discovered the hospital was in dire need of money and was hoping Lexa would help out.

This was not her fault but she also did not want people to want her because she was dating a millionaire who would do anything for her. Money was an issue and it once again proved to be the issue there. Boundaries were set and Lexa understood where she was coming from. Lexa's publicist was always quick to remove anything she could about Clarke.

Lexa was coming home from a big meeting today and Clarke understood she would be back later than usual. So she took the time to annoy Octavia if she was being over dramatic.

"No, you guys talked about this before. She should respect that."

"I know but what if she didn't really have any control over this? You know how the media can get."

"Well then ask her. It's not cool if this is what you think it is. After all she did offer you money."

"I hope it's not the case."

Before they could talk anymore the door opened to the house with a smiling Lexa walking through the door. Dropping off her bag and taking off her coat she walked into the living room where the two girls quickly ended their conversation.

"Hello."

"Hi Lex!" Lexa walked over placing a kiss on both cheeks of her friend in greeting. Octavia reciprocated the same turning the magazine over so she could not see.

Then walking over to Clarke she placed a small kiss on her lips having missed them all day. "So are you over for final wedding details?"

"Actually I was about to leave." Octavia understood Clarke needed to slap some sense into her girlfriend. As Lexa undid her tie Clarke offered to walk her out.

"Don't be too hard on her. She is just nervous."

"I know."

"Also Lincoln won't be home because you know can't see the bride on the special day so make sure you get to my place early."

"Got it."

"Love you."

"Love you too." Hugging goodbye she watched her friend leave a little nervous to go back to Lexa. She hated fighting with the girl knowing this argument was bound to happen.

Making her way back into the living room she found Lexa already looking through the magazine.

"So you are upset about this." Lexa lifted the magazine barely bothering to even look up.

"How do you even know I'm upset?"

"Please Clarke I can tell your emotions just by taking one look at you. What's wrong?"

"Why didn't your publicist take down the photo?"

"Clarke you know they can't always control the media."

"Yeah but it was never like this."

"It's only one picture."

"Fine, then answer this. Are you using me as your trophy wife?" They were a couple to never beat around the bush. Everything had always been laid out there making their relationship stronger and easier. For the most part it always worked to their benefit but this time may not be the case. Lexa jumped off the couch astound a comment like that came from Clarke.

"I've been with you even before I became rich. You seriously think I'm using you? What the fuck Clarke!"

"This isn't you directly. This is Titus."

"He is doing what is best for me."

"Then how come you threw a wallad of money earlier this week? And now suddenly my face is the center of a magazine! How come we rushed into getting married and signing the papers? When we rarely did talk about getting married it was always supposed to be big and perfect! What did you think I would believe?" Running her hands through her hair she walked backed over to the kitchen to finish what she had started.

"Clarke." Her voice was laced with sadness as she believed she was the cause of her lover's pain.

"Don't Clarke me." It had always been the way Lexa had said her name made her want to cave in her argument. Something about the way it just rolled off her tongue made her feel guilty when that was the reality.

Lexa never wanted to cause her pain, however, she knew Clarke would get stubborn in an argument and then shut down when they got to that touchy feely place. Because so Lexa couldn't always tell what the root of the problem was. Though Lexa was afraid of labels, it was

even harder when Clarke would be a brick wall refusing to let emotions seep.

There was always some deeper emotion behind everything. Knowing the blonde like the back of her hand she understood she was angry at her because of the wedding.

"What do you want me to say then? Apparently everything I am doing lately is pissing you off."

"I don't know. I don't want to talk about it anymore."

"Fine you don't want to talk about it? Then let's talk about this." Lexa threw the pamphlets onto the counter. Looking away from the vegetables she noticed what Lexa had found. Only her eyes moved as they returned back center. She shut them for a moment to process what Lexa had just pulled out.

"You went through my draw?" Clarke spoke softly not wanting to let her anger and assumptions get the best of her.

"No, they were lying on the dresser. When were you going to tell me about this? We used to tell each other everything."

"Because Lexa you are afraid of the future."

"No, I'm not."

"Then how come it took us this long to get married? We didn't even have a real fucking wedding." There it was. The real reason she was angry. Clarke brushed passed Lexa and headed into the living room unable to focus on the task at hand.

"I asked if you wanted to do this and you said it was no big deal."

"Of course it's a big deal it's marriage! I was trying to do this for your sake!"

"Don't put the blame on me."

"You should have realized how wrong it was and stopped the whole thing. You know I would do anything for you! I can't think rationally."

"And what about this!" Lexa picked up the pamphlet following her into the kitchen. She threw it on table letting them all fly in the air.

"I was just looking."

"No one just looks."

"Well I was."

"I don't believe you."

"We have been dating for almost twelve years Lexa. Twelve fucking years and we haven't moved anywhere with it. We both have secure jobs and a home. Did you not expect me to plan for our future at some

point in our lives?"

"We've been barely been married for two months."

"Are you kidding me? We've pretty much been married since the moment I agreed to go on a date with you. I've never had eyes for anyone else."

"And what if I did."

"Well now you are just straight up lying and being an ass."

"We can't do this right now Clarke. There is no way in hell we can pull this off!"

"I'm going to be thirty-five soon! I don't get to live forever Lexa! I watch people die for a living I don't want to take my own life for granted!"

"You work all day! I basically live in my office and now I'm running to be mayor. We won't have time."

"When do we put our family first?" The words weighed like a ton of bricks. Their family. It's always something she imagined but never thought she would really have. Beside her cousin Anya, Clarke was her only family, the only thing she needed.

"I don't want kids." Lexa spat. Suddenly Clarke felt her body tense up and tears swell in her eyes. This was not the woman she loves. It was not how she imagined this conversation would ever go. Not every relationship was perfect was it?

"Why are you being so difficult? You've always wanted a family." Clarke had her back towards her now, knowing throughout college how much Lexa insisted on having a big family. Nothing was making sense as the brunette contradicted herself.

"We aren't ready for one."

"I've been ready Lexa. I've been ready to move on with my life. It's you who hasn't."

Suddenly her pager went off, so brushed past Lexa to check what the problem was. The message she got was not one she was fond of immediately felt her mind switch gears.

"I have to go." Clarke began to move around to collect the necessary items before she headed out.

"See you are running off to work. What would happen if we had a kid what would you do now?"

Clarke rummaged through her purse looking for her keys. Then looking towards Lexa she walked over closing off any distance between their bodies. Speaking almost in a whisper created a powerful affect on the brunette.

"I hope you would be the parent your parents never were to you and help care for them." Salt was poured all over the wound after the bandage was ripped open.

That was the thing. When someone knows you that well they know everything you love but they also know where it hurts. Clarke was no idiot using the exact words that would elicit the emotion of the girl.

Clarke turned her back as she made her way towards the door.

"Clarke, I'm sorry." Lexa knew she had fucked up with saying those words. It was wrong to use her job against her because she knew how much it meant to her. As well with the fact that she had more leniency with her job it was expected she would be able to do more. Without turning back around Clarke spoke up again, hoping to end their fight a little less brutal.

"Listen, Octavia's wedding is in two days. I'm going to stay with her till then. I need you to figure out if this mayor thing is getting to your head and what it is doing to you unconsciously. I love you Lex but right now you are not acting like the woman I fell in love with."

Clarke grabbed her bag and left the house leaving Lexa at the front the door hands gripping to the magazine tightly.

Turns out one of her patients had tried killing herself and though it was taken care of they wanted her to check in. Clarke had very personal relationships with her long-term patients. It was a never a good idea to get attached but with what she sees on a daily basis she couldn't help but want to offer that emotional support as well.

"Hello Maddie." Clarke stood at the door waiting for her presence to be acknowledged.

"Doctor Griff?" She immediately sat up from her bed knowing she was about to be scolded.

Clarke plopped her body on the chair to stare at the window. Night was falling and it was only matter of minutes before the sky went dark. She didn't say anything because she knew her patient better. Silence was her weakness. And just like that after a few minutes she spoken up.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"For trying to kill myself."

"And why are you apologizing to me?"

"I don't know." Sighing Clarke made her way over where she now sat at the edge of the bed.

"Care to tell me why?"

"I hate being here. People suck. This hospital sucks. I just want to go home."

"Come here." Clarke moved closer as her patient cuddled in with her. Clarke had been with her since she first been diagnosed. After a while friends visited her less and less. Family became distant as well as her support system started to slip.

Patients with these severe illness not only had their bodies attacked by it but as well as their relationships. Clarke took up the responsibility of being there for her never wanting anyone to feel that alone.

"I don't know if it gets better Mads but I see patients here who would do anything to take one more breathe. Once it's gone you'll never know how lucky you were to have been able to have that breathe." Nodding against her chest the girls laid there in silence letting the words linger in the room.

"Life sucks, there's not much we can do."

There was only so much you could say to someone who was totally distraught and fed up with life. How could she tell them it got better? She couldn't tell them it would get worse either because the truth was she had no idea what was in the future. She just hoped one day Maddie would realize how important she was.

"Is there something wrong with you and ."

"Is it that obvious?"

"Your motivational speak wasn't as uplifting as usual."

"Sorry kido."

"Well if you need someone to talk to I'm here!" Maddie had suggested with a weak smile.

"Honestly I would to love Maddie." So Clarke held onto the child telling her a small part of their argument. Letting it off her chest she sorted through her own emotions and mostly to entertain the girl who had declared they were here otp or whatever that means.

After an hour of talking Clarke looked down and smiled to the girl who was falling asleep. Her arms had been bandage up pretty tightly looking like they needed to be rewrapped.

"Can you sing to me?"

"Of course." Stroking her hair she hummed the tune slowly carrying out the words. "Go to sleep you little baby. Way down yonder, down in the meadow there's a poor little lamby. Bees and butterflies flitting round his eyes he's crying out for his mammy."

She sang the song all the way through until the little girl she assumed was fast asleep. Clarke whispered the words she had no idea Maddie would hear and remember for the rest of her life.

"See Maddie I really needed you tonight." She kissed the girl's arm after covering her up the blanket. It wasn't a lie because talking to Maddie helped calmed her down. The girl did not respond or comment but only listen to build up inside her.

What Maddie did not know was how badly Clarke wanted to be a mother now. She hadn't been entirely sure. In fact she accidentally stumbled across the pamphlets Lexa found, toying with the idea of motherhood.

Being able to help Maddie today and see her smile she knew she wanted to have a child to smile up to her every night like that. After she read them a bedtime story and tuck them to sleep she wanted to curl up with her wife knowing her family was all there. She wanted a family, her own family.

Clarke would spend the days watching families reunite or hug and cry together. She wouldn't admit it aloud but she was jealous because she wanted that too. She wanted her own family and now it finally felt time.

"I'll see you tomorrow Maddie."

A/N: Fun fact the song Clarke sings to Maddie is the song Clarke sings to Atom before she killed him. What are you thinking about it so far?

4. Chapter 4- Don't Blink

"You were looking into artificial insemination?" Raven almost yelled adjusting herself in her seat.

The three tight friends were all sitting on the couch of Octavia's home sipping away at their beers. Clarke immediately went to Octavia's unable to see Lexa after their last conversation.

"At some point in my life I want to move on. Even though officially we have been dating for twelve years I was seeing her almost a year before that. It was only ever Lexa so why not?" Taking another sip of her drink she shrugged her shoulders in defeat.

"What about marriage first?" Octavia had suggested still not knowing what they had done underneath the table.

"You know how Lexa is, she hates labels." Clarke attempted knowing her friends would believe it. Lexa was a stickler for labels which meant those terms were avoided.

"So she just flat out said she didn't want kids?" Raven questioned. It was unlike her to say that especially if Clarke wanted something. She was positive if Clarke wanted the moon Lexa would get it for her.

"She always wanted kids. I was always the one so hesitant but now I want them and she doesn't."

"I think I know why." Both girls turned their heads toward Octavia with raised eyebrows.

"Clarke you come home and tell Lexa about what you do at work. You have a lot of child patients who don't all make it. One day Lexa had talked to me about it telling me she was petrified of one your kids ending up like that."

That idea had truly caught her off guard, having not thought about could have triggered the sudden change. So maybe this whole time Lexa was planning for their future. In fact she was so worried about it she was trying to avoid any possible pain in the future.

"She told you this? Why didn't she ever tell me?"

"You love your job she doesn't want you to stop sharing your excitement with her."

"I should go home." Now feeling guilty she needed to go back and apologize for overreacting.

"No, you two need a break from each other. Besides she never answered the question on being a trophy wife." Raven declared as she stroked Clarke's hair. She rested her head on friends lap contemplating what was the right thing to do.

She didn't really give her a chance either to explain brushing the issue off to the side. But Raven was right. They need their spaces. Being together 24/7 could be really unhealthy. And even though her friends don't know about their marriage it's best they reexamine that too.

The couple was not always with each other but every night was spent as much time together due to their hectic schedules. Seeing each other during the day was rare in itself which was they took advantages of their nights but at times it did causes them to shield away from their friends.

Though she was not holding a grudge with Lexa and should probably call her, she decided it was best to enjoy the night with her friends not having done it far too long.

Two days without hearing or seeing Clarke proved a little more difficult than Lexa imagined. Normally it would be okay but the heaviness of their last talk was weighing on her. Afraid it would backfire, she had to hope Clarke was thinking about all this rationally as she did her best to do the same.

A part of Lexa was very tempted to pull out of the race for Mayor. However she wasn't a quitter and that was not what Clarke wanted her to think about. It was the surrounding factors that was clogging up her mind.

Titus was one of those people. His opinion mattered to her as he was very well experienced in his field but was he really doing everything in her best interest. Maybe it was time she clarified her priorities to him. Without a doubt she would do everything she could to become mayor and take this big step but if it endangered Clarke or her future family then it wouldn't be allowed.

Though so many thoughts had been running through her head since Clarke went to Octavia's right now only thing was on her mind. Where the hell was the dress she had to wear.

Today was the wedding and if she was even remotely close to being on time Octavia would have her head. If she told them 10 it actually meant 8 but getting up was not the issue. Clarke was the one who organized their room which meant Lexa had no idea where her clothing

was.

It was moments like this where she swore her wife was sidekick as she received the first text from her in two days.

My Love: Black box in the closet floor behind the shoes. 8am don't be late.

Lexa would happily admit that she loved how well Clarke knew her. She wouldn't have to explain herself allowing her to be her without question. Following the instructions she pulled out the black box out. Opening it up she carefully removed the tissue paper to reveal the outfit she had been searching for.

As Octavia demanded all the bridesmaids were expected to wear dresses, however, that was not what was lying in the box. With the same pattern and colors of the wedding dress, there was suit especially designed just for her.

Lexa could not even imagine what Clarke had to do to get this. Octavia was hell bent on her decision and to get her to sway was seemingly impossible. Yet here Clarke was managing to move heaven and earth so that Lexa could wear her suit. She was damn lucky.

"Stop crying Raven."

"But you look so beautiful." Clarke whined as she too wiped away the tears that were falling.

"Who is going to go clubbing with me!" Raven cried out now crying even more as she plucked two more tissues from the box.

"I make a great wing woman."

"Clarke my grandmother could probably be a better wing woman."

Octavia shook her head as she watched both girls from the mirror. Today was finally the day. Today was the day she would have her happy ending. Today was the end of her book and the sequel now following. Today she will finally tie the knot with the love of her life.

"There is something missing ladies." They all turned towards the door where Abby stood.

"Oh I have the veil Mom!" Clarke went to grab it but Abby walked in continuing.

"No, not the veil." Octavia watched as her hands sprouted open with an object wrapped inside. It was a silver bracelet with an oval clasp.

"Something old." Octavia knew exactly what it was as she held her hand out so Abby could put it on.

"Aurora would have been so proud of you." Within seconds Octavia threw her arms around Abby having been fighting the tears all day. Not a day went by where she didn't miss her mother.

Aurora was not always the best person but she loved her kids with everything inside her. They were her world and she would move the world herself she had to.

Finally after crying out the tears the officiant came to tell them they had a few minutes until it was time. Octavia ordered Clarke to gather all her bridesmaids and warn the men. That was where Clarke gave Lincoln the very stern talk. If he ever hurt her she was going to chop his legs off then kick him with it.

After doing so she looked to gather the rest of the bridal party. As she began to do so she caught sight of her wife having not seen her in two days.

Lexa smiled awkwardly before in seconds she was catching a flying Clarke. Her arms snaked around her waist closing her close. The intoxication that came with being this close to Clarke sent her to the moon. A feeling she would be more than happy to bask in for the rest of her life. Clarke sought out the soft lips having been far away for far too long.

Lexa didn't make any arguments against it as she reciprocated feeling the desperation. Not talking or seeing her just hyped their emotions as they ended their last sight on a sour note. When she pulled away she new their issues did not just disappear.

"We will talk later, neither of us are off the hook. I just really missed you."

"I missed you more." Smiling she quickly pecked her lips and began to do what Octavia sent her to do. No matter how bad a fight would get between the two they knew it would never tear them apart. They had to talk of course but nothing was strong enough to put a complete wedge between the two.

The wedding went flawless as everyone did their best to hold in their tears while they spoke their vows. Lexa realized in that moment how special a wedding was.

As they declared their love it was not just for themselves but for everyone else to know how much they want to spend their lives together. It was a moment of strength and power. The guilt consumed her with the realization of what she deprived her wife.

After the 'I do' was said the party began as everyone eventually made their way over to where the party was being held.

Twenty minutes into the reception Clarke found her way over to Lexa who suggested they talk outside. Agreeing they made their way to the balcony of the venue.

"Lexa, -"

"I want to go first." Lexa cut in which Clarke let her do so.

"I called the doctor we have an appointment tomorrow."

"What?"

"You were right. I've always wanted a family. I have just been scared

about starting a new life. It scares me because a part of it feels like the beginning of the end."

"You think I'll stop loving you if we have kids?"

"No, never. I just feel we won't have us time anymore. We are already caught up in our own lives and the only time we get is late at night."

"Octavia told me what you told her once." Lexa quirked her eyebrow in confusion unable to remember what she had told her.

"You were afraid of having a family because you didn't want to see us suffer."

"Clarke."

"It's okay to be afraid."

"I don't want to." Clarke snaked her arms around the girl's waist taking. Lexa always took pride in her own strength. She wanted to protect Clarke and not knowing what the future held for them scared her because she couldn't do what she wanted.

"I do want a family Clarke. I want one with you." Lexa mumbled her desires into the blonde hair.

"No more fighting."

"For now no. But we do need better communication Clarke."

"I will try my best if you do."

"I'll always do the best for you." Clarke pulled away causing Lexa to worry for a second but then she saw the mischievous look on her face.

"The best?" Lexa knew exactly what was running through Clarke's mind and by the looks of it they had a few minutes before Octavia would come and drag her out.

"We could cross Octavia off the list." Lexa suggested.

"Let's go quick." Clarke carefully led Lexa back into the party where of course people tried to stop them to talk. Lexa politely excused themselves from any conversation. A mission needed to be filled as anticipation moving through the crowd built.

Clarke continued to lead them down the stairs where no one followed them. Opening the door to the room she called out to make sure no one was inside. When the ghost was cleared she locked the door and felt the front of her body being pressed against it.

"You knew how frustrated I would be without it for two days." Lexa husked in her ear.

"Lexa." Clarke whined as Lexa's hands began to outline her body. Tempting her without caving in.

"I should make you suffer the way you did to me." Lexa began to suck

at the soft spot behind Clarke's ear. Gripping onto the door Clarke had to hold herself feeling her legs starting to give.

"We don't have time for this." That didn't matter though as Lexa's lips began to work down her shoulder grateful the dress was strapless. A moan slipped from the blonde as one of Lexa's hands rested below her stomach under her dress. As she grabbed her crotch the moan quickly turned into a yelp.

"Stop playing games." Clarke groaned. Though they had not seen each other in two days they actually had not had sex in a while due to their busy schedules and being exhausted by the end of the time. Clarke had enough build up in her already that teasing now just seemed to be unnecessary.

"You aren't wearing any underwear."

"Yes, I knew I was getting laid tonight. I swear to god Lexa if you don't fuck me right now I am going to-" Before she could finish Lexa turned the girl and within seconds lifted her up so that her legs could wrap around her waist. Clarke sought out her lips as her hands began to rummage through the brunette hair.

Lexa moved her hand under the dress again seeking out what she desired most.

"Lexa." Clarke drew out as she could feel the tingle between her thighs dying to be released.

"Clarke!" Octavia called out from behind the door. Both girls knew if it was going to get done it needed to be done now. Lexa lifted Clarke up more so that her legs were now on her shoulders. Her lips made her down her inner thigh.

"Fuck. Please Lexa." Obeying to her command without protest her tongue began to do what it does best.

"Clarke!" Her name was being called out again but everything was becoming a blur as Lexa found a rhythm. Another moan escaped Clarke as she held onto the door knob for support. Arching her back, her head thud against the door as Lexa's tongue ran over her slit.

"L-lexa" The words tumbled out as she felt her body starting to reach its peak. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head while Lexa never came up for air. Her wife's stamina was pretty handy in times like this and was grateful for all those occasions she left her in the morning to run even if she hated it in the moment.

Soon she could feel her body release, reaching it's climax, and giving out. Lexa caught the girl who was trembling in her arms. Part of her body had just been physically exhausted from the past few days and the release gave her body a chance to burn out. With a smile she cradled the girl in her arms who seemed to be in another world right now.

"You are forgiven Lex." She murmured with complete bliss plastered on her face as the other girl laughed placing a small kiss to her temple.

"Clarke!" Octavia was screaming for her again but she was too busy being in cloud 9 having felt the build up in her body finally being released. The wait was excruciating difficult but make-up sex was her favorite. Lexa led them to the chair in the powder room where she sat and held Clarke close to her.

"We can cross one off now." The two had made a decision to have sex at each one of their friend's wedding after watching a movie one night. It was completely random but they were determined to beat themselves in trying to do it as many times she could being the competitive people they are.

Clarke began to move her hands towards Lexa's pants, playing with the waistband. However, Lexa removed her hand placing it in her lap after kissing her knuckles softly.

"It's about you tonight." Clarke raised an eyebrow in questioning but Lexa was stern in her choice as she nodded her head. It was just as pleasing to see her wife get off and hopefully when they did talk more in depth later she wouldn't be as in trouble as she was.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"Clarke!" The door the bathroom began to jiggle and they knew they were found by the bride herself. "I know you two are in there! No make-up sex during my wedding!"

"Too late!" Lexa called out as she felt her body vibrate with Clarke's laughter against her chest.

"Fuck you both! Now give me my goddamn maid of honor back I need her, you have her later!"

"I guess that is my cue to go." Clarke groaned as she finally was able to feel her legs to lift herself up. Walking over to the door she unlocked it to see Octavia with a angry look on her face.

"I need to pee."

"Do you want me to pee for you?"

"No you dumbass help me."

"What's the magic word?"

"You are the best."

"Good. Let's go." Lexa rolled her eyes as Clarke helped Octavia into the bathroom stall to help her. Taking it as her cue to leave she left the girls to handle the business.

Lifting her dress, Clarke searched for her underwear under the ruffle to help pull it down. Holding up the dress, Octavia squatted down finally feeling the relief that came with the release.

"So was the make-up sex good?"

Clarke glared at for her a second but quickly turned her head when

she heard her begin to pee.

"How many times?"

"Don't make this more awkward than it is Octavia." Clarke was avoiding eye contact with the girl who seemed to be shooting bullets at her. Laughing she blew a kiss at the girl receiving an eye roll in response.

"Why are you peeing a waterfall?"

"I am nervous!"

"The wedding is over, you already said your 'I do'"

"I am nervous for our life afterwards. I'm done by the way." Handing her the paper she lifted the dress more so Octavia could reach down and clean herself. After fixing her dress they left the stall where they were still alone in the bathroom.

"You and Lincoln are going to live a happy loving life. And you have all your friends and family who is going to support you through thick and thin. Okay?"

"I love you Clarke. Thanks for never leaving me that day." She wrapped her arms around Clarke's neck to show her gratitude for her friend.

Clarke remembered the reference to when they had first met. That moment changed all their lives forever. With the grace of a higher power she somehow found the courage to stand up for the girl who then swore to be her best friend till the end of dawn.

The party went just as flawless as the wedding itself. Clarke and Lexa faced much antagonization from the older couples of the party who persisted on asking when the two lovebirds were going to tie the knot. It didn't help when everyone insisted she try to catch the bride's bouquet and then actually caught it.

After much teasing from everyone and then cleaning up after Octavia and Lincoln left for their honeymoon, Lexa finally was able to drag her girl home who crashed the second her head hit the bed. Lexa then had to undress the girl in her sleepy and intoxicated state. Slowly removing her shoes followed by her pants and shirt with the replacing of her pajamas. Clarke began rambling unable to cohesively come up with a sentence.

Lexa only laughed as she turned off the lights to their room placing a small kiss on Clarke's lip.

"Goodnight beautiful."

The next day as promised the couple made their way into the doctor's office where they discussed possible options for the two of them. Lexa tried her best to keep up with the medical lingo but she was not doing so swell in the department. It was something she gave up on a while back after Clarke spent five hours trying to teach her anything.

The doctor informed them what the next step was when they decided to

go through artificial insemination and that Clarke would carry. They would pick their sperm donor then return for the fertilization where they would have to wait two weeks before they found out any results.

It was exactly what they did. They decided to see how the process went and if all went well they would announce their marriage and pregnancy to their family and friends during Anya's birthday party.

Though their marriage was to help with Lexa's candidacy, they decided to wait to tell everyone the news considering how fast they rushed into everything. Lexa had felt guilty for everything thus far allowing Clarke to call a lot of the shots when it came to announcing their marriage. Titus of course was not pleased.

The two weeks after the insemination seemed to crawl by but the two kept themselves busy. In fact Lexa was dragging Clarke to the fire department where she would hopefully help get their support and signatures to get her name on the ballot.

Arriving at the fire station they were both immediately introduced to the Chief who began to show them around. Clarke had caught sight of fireman and quickly excused herself from the conversation.

Lexa continued to listen to the Chief as he explained what their station was in need of. The problem seemed to be with the exhausted site. Fire Station 2 was built in the middle of the fifties originally designed for a volunteer station. With only one bay to house a fire truck, inadequate work space, living quarters, and not enough accommodation for other fire service equipment, the small space was in desperate need of help to continue work.

"We have tried repeatedly to ask for renovations but we were constantly pushed aside."

"Of course the issue that comes into play is funding, one that is very very limited." Chief nodded in response understanding why they were not put ahead. He believed Lexa was going to be like most politicians they had until she entered her but.

"However, my girlfriend, is a doctor and tells me constantly of all the issues public services have but get brushed aside with what politicians believe is not as important as other issues. I understand our city is struggling economically but we need improvements and with that we can create more job opportunities."

The Chief's eyes grew wide with hope as he shook hand with Lexa. The real issue with the past mayors was their greed for money, putting the city's money into bills that will eventually find its way back into their hands. "If you can provide these services the fire department is more than happy to support you in your campaign."

"I will do as much in my power to improve the community."

"Running your campaign on your sexuality will not go as well as you hope . Polis is not as liberal as one would hope."

"That is not my focus Chief. I run my campaign on the unique qualities I obtain that differs from other candidates. My sexuality

is only a very small fraction of that."

"Excuse me Chief." They both turned around to find the young man with a stern look on his face. With his hands behind his back he stood unmoving providing the hint to Lexa that he may have been in the army once.

" , this is Jackson who will hopefully be soon part of our paramedic team here." Lexa shook his hand responding with a firm nod.

"Take a message. I will take care of it later." He turned on his heels to handle the instructions given to him.

Walking back to the entrance the Chief and Lexa began to talk more freely without the restrictions of politics put on them. As they reached the entrance they caught sight of a bunch of firefighters sitting in a circle where Clarke stood in the middle.

"I'd have sworn that with time thoughts of you would leave my head. I was wrong, now I find just one thing makes me forget." Clarke sang as she strummed the guitar.

"Red, red wine. Stay close to me. Don't let me be alone." The whole crowd around her sang along as some laughed while others danced.

"I haven't seen them this loud and happy in a while." The Chief spoke as he watched his crew in complete bliss. The fire department had a rough year with the loss of two men and a woman during a rescue. It was one of the reasons why Lexa choose this station to offer her condolences.

While she always held a stern look wherever they went, a smile couldn't help it self but grow as she watched Clarke interact with all the people. She had a way with her charm and easy talk people always just flocked towards her.

"She is a special one, Miss. Woods. You better not let her go." Lexa knew he noticed the same thing she had. The way Clarke could lighten up the room and spark it with her personality. The way she carried herself with pride and modesty.

"I never plan on it." Clarke turned around and made her way over encouraging her and the Chief to sing along.

Some of the other firefighters pushed them into their circle as the song continued. While the Chief caved in Lexa just held a small smile watching the interaction. Clarke knew if they were at home Lexa would have bursted into song a chorus ago but being in public meant upholding appearances.

Clarke threw her head back as laughing consumed her. Looking over to Lexa, the brunette swore she fell in love all over again, like every time she looked at Clarke. She would swear everyday till the day she died that time stopped because everything blurred out and the focus was only Clarke.

Her favorite blue eyes sparkled with a luminescent glow that surrounded her being. The blonde hair bounced up and down as her body swayed to the rhythm. With just as every moment she had with her she thanked her lucky stars for finding Clarke Griffin.

"Lexa! Get up! Get up!" Lexa jolted forward when she felt the pillow smashed against her face.

Her head swirled back and forth as she became alert. Rubbing her eyes she tried to focus on what was going on. The light coming in from the window burned her eyes forcing them shut. Everything in her body was telling her to go back to bed but the loud noise coming from her wife told her different.

"We are late!" Those words clicked into Lexa's mind as she realized what today was. She quickly got up and looked for clothing as Clarke quickly ran around the room.

"Clothing is already laid out let's go!" Lexa grabbed the clothing on the top of the drawer quickly shoving her body parts into all the right holes. Clarke quickly thumped down the stairs with Lexa still trying to find hole in her arm shirt following her wife.

Clarke grabbed the keys and two bagels one in which she handed, more like threw across the room, to Lexa and the other taking a bite in it for herself. Still in a sleepy state the brunette did her best to follow along, listening to all the directions being yelled at her.

Finally getting everything ready they jumped into the car and headed over to the appointment. They had overslept, something they rarely ever do, and was now going to be late, something Clarke hated.

"I told you we should have set an alarm." Her hands gripped tightly to the wheel feeling frustrated she decided to listen to Lexa.

"Clarke it's going to be fine. So we are a few minutes late, no big deal."

"This is not how we should start the next part our next journey."

"Babe you are just nervous. We are only a few minutes later, please just relax."

"Sighing she shrugged it off and maneuvered the car as fast as she could down the road.

"I know. I'm sorry." Being late never made her happy but they arrived when they did and there wasn't much they could do at this point.

Clarke had decided not to take a pregnancy test feeling she could not rely on them. She preferred her doctor to confirm anything and not get her hopes up for nothing. Her becoming fertile on the first try was going to be hard but Lexa had faith it would work.

"Would you stop fidgeting Clarke."

Giving her a growl in response Lexa threw her hands up in defense afraid she was going to be attacked for just speaking.

They were both so nervous but Lexa had to remind them both this was

going to work. Clarke was just an emotional wreck which Lexa knew she had to step up and be the rational one today in their relationship. The emotional wreck probably had to be due to the extra hormones she had to take required by their doctor.

"This won't work."

"I'm positive it will."

"You are just saying that so I will stop fidgeting." Lexa placed her hands on the girl's knees looking dead into the blue eyes with confidence and assertiveness.

"I would never lie to you Clarke Griffin. You have been walking around with this glow to you. I am sure of this, we are going to be parents."

Grabbing onto her wrists it was all the reassurance she needed from her love.

The doctor swung the door open with papers in hand. He had already done the examination and was now giving them their results.

Clarke sat on the examination table with Lexa holding her hand. Closing her eyes she took a few deep breaths holding the last one in as he began to speak.

"As we discussed we said the probability of you getting pregnant especially on the first try was highly unlikely."

Yes, it was something they had discussed in depth with this being probably the only try they could go at. Despite Clarke waiting to hear the but, it never came.

"You are not pregnant Clarke."

No emotions poured out of her as she tried to take in the response. Nothing. That was what consumed her in that moment. No thought, no emotion, no words, no nothing filled her being as the words spoke. She was positive the world had a vendetta against them as the doctor continued.

"Unfortunately your egg count is very low and I do not think you will ever be able to get pregnant. As we discussed after the age of thirty, which you are, your chances of getting pregnant go down by five percent. Additionally, Lexa we ran the fertility test you both requested."

For precautionary reasons they had decided to check Lexa's fertility in case Clarke was unable to produce their results.

"You are infertile as well." The doctor continued to explain the next process the couple could take. His words were drowned out by the blonde after he had spoken those words. Her speciality may not be in gynecology but she was very much aware of the options they in front of them now. His words meant nothing to her as she zoned out.

Neither her wife nor her were fertile enough to have their own child. If hearts could physically break then there had to be one hell of a

crack in hers right now. Between two women you would think there would be enough eggs for at least one of them to produce their own child. That was not the case here.

Silence filled between the two of them with the ending of the appointment. Lexa took the keys from Clarke and started the car knowing the blonde was not in the mood to talk.

The plan was to go to the appointment get good news then go to Anya's party and announce their new member of their family and marriage, unfortunately there was no good news. Lexa slowly drove around unable to comprehend what was in her own mind due to focusing on what Clarke was thinking.

It was the first in her life where she felt unsure of what Clarke was thinking. There was no gauge on her emotions as the blonde looked out the window with her chin resting on her palm.

They were five minutes to the location and Lexa knew they had to talk about this sooner or later. Going into the party angry or sad was not the smartest idea. The party was one they had to attend and going in with heightened emotions was just never healthy. Which was why Lexa pulled over around the corner before pulling up to the house.

"We need to talk about this Clarke."

The girl did not remove her eyes from the window unable to process anything they had just been told. Any words spoken to her just constantly went over her head as she preferred to pretend it never happened. That would be easier and that's all she wanted right now, easy.

"Clarke." Lexa tried again but Clarke's silence spoke for her. She just needed to see her face, just once to get a feel on what Clarke was thinking. It was taking everything in her power to stay strong and hopeful for the both of them as Clarke was trying to do the same.

It made sense now to Clarke why Lexa was so hesitant on having children. It was news like the one they had just gotten that caused them more pain that could have been easily avoided if they did not just try.

"Please." Lexa almost cried out the words a third time and thought of Lexa's heart breaking just as bad as hers was caused the girl to finally turn around bringing her out of whatever world she had been previously trapped in.

Both their eyes were filled to the brim with water trying make sure their damn stayed steady. They stared at each other for a while unable to bring any words to surface. How was it possible that they were both just that unlucky?

Of course there were other methods which Lexa was positive they would explore. However, there was nothing more self-deprecating in this world than being unable to do something as simple as reproducing. It was human nature and nothing that required any thought yet here they were both just as unable as the other.

"Why?" Finally the words caught in Clarke's throat came out rough and

sour as it was never meant to be spoken. The words has triggered Lexa as she jumped out of the car and came around opening the door to the passenger side. Immediately Clarke launched herself into her arms letting the damn finally be taken down.

She wasn't the only one to let the water fall as Lexa felt her world crumble around her too. It was one thing to not have what you wanted but to see someone you love in so much pain makes everything ten times harder.

Feeling the shaking of Lexa's body against her own was just further breaking heart as the stoic Lexa the whole world knew was breaking in her arms. Clarke was told she would have somewhat of a chance but Lexa had been completely deprived of that chance.

Even if your love was perfect the world would do anything in it's power to take that away and Clarke could have not been more sure of that.

"This isn't fair Lex." Lexa pulled away to wipe away the tears that fell from the blonde's cheek.

"We are going to get through this."

"I know but any family we have won't be our own."

"Yes they will be. Any child we raise will forever be our own and no one will be able to take that from us."

"Maybe you were right. We aren't ready for a family."

"I could not have been more wrong Clarke. We have never been more ready. We are going to try this again. We are going to see more doctors. This is not the end of this chapter, not if we have a say in it."

Clarke reciprocated the motion when she saw another tear escape the green eyes. She still thought Lexa was wrong but thinking anymore about this might cause her to slip into that world again where everything around her did not exist. Swallowing down the rest of her emotions Clarke began to fix Lexa's collar and clear out any wrinkles on her shirt.

"Let's just get through this party and we can talk about this later." Lexa nodded her head in agreement knowing this was not a conversation they would ever be able to avoid.

"Can we tell them about the marriage another time? I'm not sure I can handle any more celebration than what we are heading into."

"Whatever you want, my love." With a tender kiss the couple walked over to the house hand in hand where the party was being held, doing everything in their power to push aside the recent events from their mind.

"You two are late." Echo drew out as she swung the door open. The intoxicated breathe greeted them both with a smirk on her face.

"Sorry we were busy." Lexa spoke as she followed Clarke into the house where the party was full in swing.

It didn't go unnoticed by Clarke how formal Lexa had gotten when greeting a few people. It didn't surprise her though as when after a big emotional build up like that she returned to what most people knew her as, impassive.

People bombarded the couple with hugs, kisses, and a bunch of questions having not seen some of them in very long time. Anya had invited a lot of her college friends and a few of her co-workers.

Many of them knew the fame Lexa had but while most of them were fairly indifferent about it there was one or two people that would always jump in excitement to meet her.

Finally when all the introductions were over, Clarke went to her friends as Lexa went out back to where Gustus was barbecuing. Placing a kiss on his cheek she then plopped herself on the chair watching him flip the burgers.

"So who is your dealer?" Lexa raised an eyebrow unsure of the joke Gustus had made.

"Your eyes are red. Either you have crying or you have allergies. You don't do either so I am assuming drugs."

"I wish it was." Lexa took a sip of her drink she found on the way over.

"Do you want to tell me what's up?"

"Or you can tell me!" Anya chimed in as she walked into the backyard.

"Happy birthday." Giving her a tight hug the other girl then joined her on the chairs sprawled out on the deck. The evening was warm with a small breeze making it the perfect weather for a party. She tried her best to keep engaged in most conversations but she clearly had her mind elsewhere.

"So what's up?" Lexa sighed knowing Clarke did not want to tell anyone yet but she needed to tell her friends, her family, someone.

"You can't tell Clarke I told you yet but I'm infertile."

"Wait you were looking to get pregnant!" Anya shouted quickly lowering her voice when she received the glare.

"We were looking into the possibility."

"And Clarke?" Gustus enquired but she only shook her head. Anya responded with a soft hug understanding now why the girl seemed to be so out of it. Clarke too seemed to be out of her groove as she moped around the party.

"There are other options Lexa. Clarke knows that she is a doctor."

"It won't be the same. None of it will be the same." Taking another sip from her drink she hoped that maybe they could give this another try and maybe the possibility of having their own children was not forever written off.

The couple's moodiness continued but the party had not stopped. Raven and Anya were going at it in game of beer pong as Octavia, in excruciating detail, talked about her honeymoon. Clarke curled into Lexa who wrapped one arm around to keep her close as they watched the game unfold.

"Hell no Grounder Princess, you cannot move the cups like that, it's cheating."

"I call it a strategical move."

"Yo, other Princess tell her she can't do that!" Raven nodded towards Clarke who just looked up at Lexa to motion her head towards the problem in hopes she could respond for her.

"Princess says it's legal." Lexa spoke for her as Raven smashed her hand on the table and Anya cheered.

"I know where you live Princess!" Lexa looked down again to make sure she could respond for her receiving a grumbling from the blonde.

"She says she doesn't give a fuck."

"How can you even understand her! You could be misinterpreting her words!" Raven argued again hoping to sway the blonde back to her direction as they had declared her earlier the referee.

"Please, I speak fluent Clarke. I even know what she is thinking."

Raven let out a rumbling laugh not believing the brunette and putting her up to the challenge. "Clarke say what you are thinking and Lexa say what she is thinking at the same time. Fifty bucks, loser pays up."

Rolling her eyes the blonde caved in curious herself to see if the brunette really had it in her. Staying in the same position both the girls spoke the sentence in unison.

"I hate you all." Lexa smiled proudly acquiring a victory kiss from the girl curled into her.

"Ohhhh" Octavia belted watching Raven pay up and lose the battle. She could not physically believe Lexa had actually gotten right. It was all about science in which she spent the next fifteen minutes trying to figure out how that was scientifically possible.

"I'm impressed ." Clarke whispered knowing how giddy the girl truly was inside. Winning was her love, it would be her true love if she didn't have Clarke. Another kiss was shared between the two lingering longer than everyone wanted to see. After the news Clarke had felt her body just become lazy and unfocused but the party had done a decent job at keeping her from thinking about it.

The game continued having gotten pretty intense at this point as most people of the party had left, leaving only the core of their friends to carry the party on. Midnight was fastly approaching but that never stopped the group of friends from having fun.

"Oh my god the beach's water was beautiful! I think Lincoln and I might go again just for the scenery and actually get a better look of the town."

"Not everyone is interested in your sex life Octavia."

"Don't be jealous Echo you aren't getting any." With a loud groan Echo made her ways towards Anya and wrapped her arms around her waist.

Raven had quickly tensed but just as fast removed any emotion off her face, however, it did not go unnoticed by the couple curled up together. Anya was quick as well to get out of the hold and clean up the cups to distract herself.

"You saw that too right?" Clarke whispered receiving laughter from the brunette as the hint of jealousy had been vanished in a mere blink. Now that was an interesting idea right there.

"So when are you going to ditch Lincoln and become a single woman again?" Raven now done with the game plopped down by the chair trying to avoid Echo's heart eyes towards Anya.

"Go find yourself someone steady already. Don't you ever want to settle down?"

"Can't tie down the wings of a raven."

"I have to disagree." Anya smirked knowing she was about to push Raven to her edge. The glare shot across the room could have killed but Anya kept her composure ignoring her to piss her off more.

"I don't know Anya. Raven is pretty adventurous she gets the job done then moves on."

The engineer smiled brightly to have Octavia on her side for this battle.

"Raven has a soft spot. Just keeping poking at her you will find it." Clarke spoke up removing herself from her very comfortable position. She knew Raven like the back of her hand and exactly what made the girl soft.

"I do not!" Lexa took Clarke hand and lifted her up.

"Thank you for the evening everyone but I have to work tomorrow so Clexa out!"

"Boooooo you old ladies! I'm the married one here you all suck." Though Octavia voiced her complaint she reluctantly got up to hug her friends goodbye. After all the hugs and kisses were exchanged the couple grasped each other's hand and headed back to the car.

Walking back to the car Clarke kissed the back of Lexa's hand still

intertwined with hers. The smile came up on her face seeing the blonde affectionate as she was. With the rough day they had she was happy to see some tension had been released through the party tonight.

She had made idle conversation needing to hear her wife's voice. Silence was easy between the two but Lexa's voice came with tranquility.

"Did you feed Casper?"

"I did as you rushed me out this morning." Getting into the car Lexa took the keys and began to make their way home.

"Your mother called."

"Don't tell me you answered it Clarke."

"I wasn't going to be rude."

"What did she want?"

"To talk to you. I told her you were unavailable until you wanted to be available." The sass that came from the blonde was always too good to be true. It made her happy she could be that audacious at times despite the person she was talking to.

"Did you grab the leftovers?" Lexa remarked remembering Anya demanding they take some food home with them. Clarke quickly checked around her unable to recall if she had gotten the food that Lexa asked. Quickly unbuckling her seatbelt she turned around to see if she left it in the back.

Lexa looked on the floor to help Clarke but a mistake it was. The honking brought both their attentions back to the road. Lexa attempted to swerve the car as her hands quickly gripped tighter to the wheel but the opposing headlights kept her from seeing anything else. Nonetheless, Lexa's reaction was not fast enough.

The only noise that followed Lexa's question was the loud crash of the two vehicles.

5. Chapter 5-Numbers

Numbers are a funny thing. They help us to count, to group, to tell time, and so forth. They are completely arbitrary yet it is almost human nature to use numbers which means they have to hold some significance in the human mind. Numbers are an crucial component to society acting as a base. How else would we know how many there was of something or how much was needed. Could you think of a time when you weren't using numbers?

Another concept that was made out of the human mind using numbers was time. Science has shown people lightyears away can see earth during the Roman time, does that make time nonexistent or just furthermore proof it does not exist? If time did exist then why could she not have a few more seconds to fix her mistake? If time were real could it not give her a few more seconds to ask the question later or leave the party later?

Philosophy was never her major but after taking a course in it one year suddenly she found herself questioning the very being of everything she saw. As expected she was skeptical about everything she saw trying to see all perspectives of the situation. No matter how many times her wife tried to convince her to just let life happen she was determined to put an explanation to it all.

Well for the first time in her life she had no explanation.

One

A single second was all it took for the situation to unfold the way it did. There was so much noise, too much noise for a single ear to handle, however it was not so much outside beside the screaming coming from another voice rather the ringing in her own ears.

There was someone yelling inaudible things but for some reason she could not get her eyes to open and see why they were. She was alive but she was not understanding what was going on. Maybe this was some sort of weird twisted dream that she could hear people talk but not see them.

"Are they alive?" The voice called out. She wanted to respond that of course she was why wouldn't she be but she could not open her eyes. She tried again to open her eyes but her body would not let her.

"Call 911!" Why was it that they needed to call an emergency number? Someone's life was endangered but did they think it was her own? It could not possibly be she was fine. How could she express to them that she was alive, that she was okay? Their voices were laced with worry and fear but she knew there was no reason to or so she hoped. She tried to sort previous moments where she was awake.

The memory flashed through her mind of the bright lights coming at her causing everything to click in her mind. She was in accident. How bad was it really that they had to call the ambulance? She really was fine she just could not get her eyes to flutter open.

But she wasn't alone in the car, her wife sat in the seat beside her. Sudden panic filled her body at though that her wife being the one that was truly injured. It was enough to jolt her eyes open. The transition from the dark to sudden light caused the eyes to shut again.

Two.

It took all of two blinks before her eyes finally adjusted to the situation she was in. She tried to raise her left hand to shield from the light but it was stuck and unable to move. Attempting to remove her hand made her realize how immobile she truly was. Slowly turning her head to the side she finally caught glimpse of her wife.

Unmoving. The woman sat slumped in her seat fragile as ever. Not a single movement had come from her putting the other woman in action mode. Once again she attempted to move her body forward with more urgency now but the seatbelt kept her in place.

The woman's body looked as if she were sleeping with her lips slightly parted and her body sprawled out. Beside the blood and glass that surrounded her she would have thought she had just woken up from her bed.

But she was not in her bed. She was not even in her home. They were stuck in her car after having suffered from an accident. Her eyes were tight shut and wondered if the girl had been struggling to open her eyes as well.

"Clarke." The words finally croaked out of her mouth dry and rough in questioning, unsure herself what was going on.

With everything in her body she tried to reach her arm out to touch the girl but she couldn't. There was only two things she was sure of. It was that they were in an accident and Clarke was not awake.

"Clarke." It was more assertive this time with purpose and conviction. There was still no response from the girl. Some of the blood dripped into her eyes but ignoring the red marks her focus remained on Clarke. The blonde hair seemed to be drenched in blood making her realize she suffered a head injury.

Three.

That was the number of times so far her body went into panic discovering something new about the situation. Anything could happen at this point and Lexa would not mind, all she needed was to see Clarke flutter her eyes or move anything to confirm that everything was alright.

"Clarke." She tried again but still no response. The mixed tears with blood came down her face as she turned her side to side trying to get a better hold of a way out. Her body was crushed between the airbag, not allowing her to see in front well, and the back of the seat.

There had to be a way to remove herself from the confinement so that she could get to Clarke. Though one of her hands was stuck she hoped she could manage to move the other to side so that she could pull her chair back.

Before she could focus on Clarke she needed to help herself first. So she went through a mental process of taking each moment by the moment not trying to freight about the next. The task was simple, get the handle and pull it down.

Despite the ease she was unable to do it. Her hands had found the handle but pulling it on it was much harder. With as much strength her body allowed her she came to the conclusion that it was stuck. In anger she lashed out her body as best as she could only causing her more pain in which she ignored.

Four.

"Clarke, baby please wake up." It was the amount of times Lexa had spoken her wife's name. Each time laced with more desperation than the previous one. This was her fault. She had taken her eyes off the road for just two seconds and that was all it took.

She would not be able to bear any thought or mind that she would never see those beautiful blue eyes. One movement was all she needed but understanding her struggle at first she hoped she could hear her talking.

"Clarke, if you can hear me know that I'm so sorry. You got to wake up, please." The loud sound of the sirens finally replaced the ringing in her ear, well at least subsided the best it could.

"They are coming to help us. Just stay with me." Still no movement from the blonde.

"I need you." She whispered. It the last quiet moment she had with Clarke before the true chaos began.

Five.

That was how many minutes it took for the people to actually arrive on scene since she woke up. The sound of people yelling and barking orders caused her to turn her head towards the window. With the pair of legs by the window and the closeness of the paved floor, the realization hit her that the car was flipped over.

A body laid itself on the floor and turned it's head so that they could speak to the passengers in the car. The face was a very recognizable one. The eyes scanned the entire scene as best as he could.

"Miss. Woods?"

"Jackson?"

He tried his best to weave his hand through the shattered glass window to unbuckle Lexa's seatbelt but it was jammed. As he retrieved his hand back, there was a slight shake of the car. It caused Clarke's lifeless body to move and slop over to the side.

"Fuck." The words muttered under his breathe knowing any improper movement to the car would cause it shake and with Clarke's lifeless body and no seat belt attached to her she, was at risk of hurting her body even more.

"Please help her." Lexa croaked out, hoping the man would obey her plea. It was Jackson from whom she had met at the fire station the previous days. Her voice was still sore but she was determined to make sure they helped Clarke before above all else.

"We are going to get you both out of here, don't you worry." That was all Lexa could really do though. How could they not expect her to worry, their car had been flipped over, Clarke was not awake, and she was stuck and in pain. Clarke was not responding and that was sending her more into shock than any of the pain that was taking it's course through her body.

"Stop thrashing it won't help."

"Help Clarke."

He left the girl to return back to other members of the rescue team

to discuss possible action plans. Lexa did the best she could to tone down the ringing in her ears to listen to the conversation hoping for new information.

"Miss. Woods is trapped in there by the airbag and I think a possible jammed seatbelt."

"Check for any other possible damages, we are on a time constraint. I want the removal of first. No one else gets treated until she is safely out of the car."

"What about ? It looks like she suffered a massive head wound, she is still unconscious."

"Follow your orders now." The bark of instructions came with the sound of shuffling people following suit. Those orders were not going to go down well with Lexa who was now trying to reach over towards Clarke.

Lexa did not need saving, she was breathing but with Clarke she could not tell. Her body was neither rising nor falling it was completely still. Again she frustratedly thrashed her body out in hopes that maybe something will loosen up, nothing.

" , you need to stop moving." Lexa turned to find a new firefighter laying on side so that he could talk to the woman.

"Take Clarke out first."

"I have strict orders to help you first." He moved his hands into the car to start helping her but he quickly retrieved his hand back Lexa had actually bitten his hand.

"Seriously."

"I told you what to do."

"I have orde-"

"Well now you will take orders from me! I will have your fucking job and your life if you don't help my wife first!" Lexa had barked out the words instilling a great fear into the firefighter. It followed by a cough due to the soreness of her throat. How she referred to Clarke went unnoticed but her threatening words had the power to choke him.

"We can't get to Clarke until we get to you." He tried again not sure who was the one he did not want to betray. His boss was his boss but he knew the kind of power Lexa had in this town.

"You got to help her. She isn't responding."

"I know but please let me make you my priority so I can then save her. Time is ticking her." With a grunt of defeat he was finally able to do his job and remove Lexa from the confinement she was in. He explained the process and what would happen before he began to go to work.

Loosening her was the easy part but pulling her out of the car proved to be much more difficult. The first movement jolted a loud scream

from her throat. Her leg was stuck underneath which meant they had to remove the wheel before they could get her out.

"That will take too long."

"It's our only option."

"Break my leg, then turn it."

" we cannot-" But his words were already too late as Lexa began to twist her leg into the awkward angle doing her best to ignore the pain.

" !" His protest were not enough, she was almost at a clean break but she was caught by surprise as he managed to pull her leg out without breaking it.

"You are impatient." He spoke as the finally were able to remove her out of the vehicle.

"Go take care of Clarke." This was not a request but an order that was going to be followed through or she would have anyone's head who did not obey. She tried to stand up but her legs were too weak to hold herself up. The paramedics were there in seconds to help put her on the stretcher.

"I don't need it." She spat but once again as she stood up she almost fell luckily being caught by one of them. Sighing she knew she had no choice but to at least sit down on it.

"I won't leave until they take Clarke out." Lexa demanded if they were going to keep her on the stretcher. Agreeing they began to attend to her wounds on the back of the ambulance that gave her a view of the flipped car.

As one of the men went inside of the car to retrieve Clarke she was finally able to take into account the scene that had developed. They did not hit into another car because Lexa would not qualify the semi as one. A part of her had wondered how she even came out barely unscathed in her opinion.

There a few injuries to her body like the fact that she could not move left arm but it could have been much worse. It was where she assumed Clarke had taken the worst of it. There was no question she would have nightmares of the sight she caught her wife in.

Able to settle her mind somewhat she was thought back of how the unscathed skin was now marked with different cuts, how her body lay limp in the passenger seat as if someone had just thrown her like a toy doll in there.

There had been nightmares the brunette struggled with where she thought she had lost the most precious thing in her life. It was not everyday someone's worst fear came to life but when it did nothing made sense. Lexa would never be able to fully recall the events of the night nor would she be able to live with herself if her nightmare took full effect.

Six.

There were six people who were standing by the car waiting to slowly pull Clarke's body out of the car. Directions were being ordered, there were people crying, but none of it seemed to register in Lexa's head. Why had they not pull Clarke out of the vehicle yet?

"I need a neck brace! Severe injury to the head, possibly spine as well." A firefighter had called out.

Everything was done so carefully as if any wrong movement would break the fragile sculpture. Clarke was hurt and injured or not she deserved to be handled with the utmost care, at least that was what Lexa thought. Paramedics were running to the firefighters' side to help the girl but they moved faster when they heard the words no one ever wants to hear.

"There's no pulse." It was those words that put Lexa into motion again snapping her out of her head and back into the scene. Her body moved to the statement but was quickly pushed back down by the attending person.

"You won't be able to do anything." But she wasn't listening, Clarke had stopped breathing and that was the only thing on her mind.

"Lexa?" She didn't move as she watched them resuscitate her back to life. Not even bothering to put her on a stretcher their main focus was to get the girl breathing again.

This wasn't real, this wasn't her Clarke. Clarke would never give up like this. Her Clarke would fight and fight because it was just who she was, it was one of the many reasons why she loved her.

Again she moved with eyes fixated on the lifeless body on the cold pavement. Finally able to get out of the grip she lunged off the ambulance. The cloud that surrounded her mind prohibited her from feeling any pain or words being yelled at her.

Going off the ambulance was a bad idea as her leg was not strong enough to stand on its own. Immediately she could feel her body ready to collapse but she was caught by a pair of strong hands.

Another compression to the heart. Clarke still wasn't breathing.

"Lexa! Lexa please!" Her eyes were locked on the body being pressed down upon. The focus didn't allow her to realize she was screaming Clarke's name repeatedly to wake up.

"You can't do anything." The voice spoke into her ringing ear again but it didn't stop the words from pouring out of her mouth.

"Don't do this to me Clarke. You promised." Lexa yelled as the arms pulled her closer despite the fight she was putting up.

Her words were incoherent to anyone watching. In fact everyone watching could not stop the tears flowing down. Lexa was always known for her strength to the public but never had she been so vulnerable.

The woman who they saw as serious, focus, determined, even

unemotional was crying, screaming, and in pain. She was curled up in a pair of arms who held onto her with every possibly strength they could knowing Lexa was no weak girl.

The deep voice was laced with pain, a pain no would should ever be burden with. What no one knew was that she bared the pain for both of them. They felt each other's pain and though Clarke was unaware of the pain she was suffering Lexa had felt it for her.

"Lexa." The voice spoke again and this time it registered in her head. She leant into the woman crying even harder as she watched them try to bring Clarke back to life.

Lexa was not sure how she got her or what entirely was going on but Anya had been the one there to hold her wrecked self. They must have been still fairly close to her house and Anya must have heard the crash rushing right over. There was no doubt that this was plastered already all over the news as she was not just any person especially in Polis.

Seven.

It took seven tries to get Clarke's pulse back. The breathing continued but her eyes remained shut. The only response her body gave was the very slow and almost inaudible breathing that soon was to be helped by the oxygen mask they put on immediately.

"Clarke!" She watched as they put her onto the stretcher that lead her into the ambulance. They had moved right past her but Lexa was unable to get to her. Anya had a good grip because Lexa wailed her arms around kicking her feet to get to her wife.

"Let go Anya!"

"You are making things worse Lexa!" The words barked out did not phase the woman.

Her natural instincts came in when she could finally see Clarke's face in entirety. Without really thinking she sucker punched her capturer and hobbled to the stretcher stopping them from moving. Her body mostly fell onto it due to the fact her legs could not keep her up.

For the first time in her life she didn't know what to do, she didn't know how to react. What had she done? Clarke was in an oxygen mask with her life on the line. How did things get to this point? What had seemed like a terrible morning did not even come close to the way her heart cracked at the sight of Clarke.

Words and orders were being thrown around, people were shouting and loud bangs came from everywhere. The ringing in her ear never gave up but Lexa was too focused on Clarke to even come close to comprehend what had just happened. One of the paramedics was about to push her off but noticed who it was.

There was an argument going as Anya was attempting to defend Lexa while the paramedic quarreled with her. There was no time to waste which was why they caved in as someone had swept her off her feet. Her body this time did not resist as it were too in shock to understand. The green eyes were locked on the blonde as they lifted

her into the ambulance and before she knew it she was carried into the same one.

The doors were slammed shut behind her as she sat on the seat. The paramedic began to work on Clarke's head as they tried to stop the excessive bleeding coming from it. Lexa held onto the blonde's hand noticing how cold they have gotten.

She had not realized that she had made the statement aloud until the paramedic answered her question.

"She lost a lot of blood."

"Make it stop." The words did not come off as a command as everyone normally heard. She was pleading. The infamous stoic Woods had tears strolling down her face begging the stranger to do anything to save her. Saving Clarke would mean saving two people because Lexa knew she wouldn't be able to handle living without her.

"We are doing our best . Would you let us check your injuries?"

"No. Clarke first." The paramedic shook his head as he continued cleaning up her injuries. Clarke's injuries were undoubtedly bad but he feared Lexa was injuring herself more possibly causing more injuries than necessary.

Lexa held onto to Clarke's hand with her good arm repeatedly kissing it. She began to say her thoughts aloud not realizing nor caring that the paramedics were listening.

"It's going to be okay babe. You are going to wake up, get better, and we'll look back on this one day a long distant memory. You are going to be okay Clarke. I just need you to wake up. You are going to be okay."

Maybe her persistent words were not necessarily for Clarke but for own trying to convince herself she was going to be alright. Nothing in the world seemed to matter as every trouble, every argument, every happiness, all of it fell into the abyss leaving an empty soul to await her other half of it to return.

When Clarke did not wake up what she had not known was that she took apart of her. She wondered if it was never hers to begin with but those memories were theirs and without the other what was the point of all those moments. What was the point of loving someone with your entire being if they were going to be ripped away, where the ever even yours to love?

Another kiss graced Clarke's hand as the brunette stroked her arm. In the moment there was no reason for all their memories if was going to end so tragically leaving her a pain unbearable to human nature. They say you only suffer the pain you can handle but that was a lie, it was bullshit.

If pain was replaced by happiness then was there a type of happiness she could not handle? It had not made sense and it was just a lazy excuse to explain pain. It hurt whether it is physical, emotional, or both no one is omitted to that rule. For the first time in twelve years Lexa realized that they would not be that exception as she had always dreamed about.

Eight

With the swinging of the ambulance door eight people awaited outside to help. Clarke of course was the first to go. As Lexa attempted to follow suit her crappy leg refused to be her friend in which she still had not learned from.

The paramedic carried her out and then placed her in a wheelchair much to her dismay. They wheeled Clarke away as Lexa began to protest that she wanted to go with her. If it allowed her she would use every bit of her power to make sure she went with Clarke but the doctors refused.

They wanted to provide her treatment but Lexa only wanted Clarke to be cared for. Anyone who was helping her meant there were less people helping Clarke and for an unknown reason she could not understand why it was like that.

"Lexa, you have to let them treat you." Anya had come up from behind now trying to help doctors with an extremely stubborn Lexa.

"They have to help Clarke first."

"They are."

"If they are here with me then they are not with her." Despite knowing Lexa so well it was the pain laced her in words to understand why she didn't want treatment.

Lexa was blaming herself and whether she was doing this consciously or not she couldn't live with herself if they had fixed her up and couldn't for Clarke. In her mind she felt as if she deserved the pain, knowing it was not nearly enough to help with the guilt but only numb it for a while.

Anya knelt to the ground so that she was eye level with the brunette. "It was an accident Lexa, these things happen."

She began to shake her head realizing too now why she didn't want treatment.

"I looked away for a second."

"Lexa."

"What if she doesn't wake up?" Anya pulled the girl close to her now giving any comfort she could possibly provide for the girl.

"We are talking about Clarke here. There is no one stronger out there than her." Anya whispered into her hair.

Before Lexa could protest any treatment a needle was placed in her neck causing the her to be sleep induced. It was the only way they could help Lexa as at this point her pain was the only thing reminding her she was still alive.

What could she had done differently? Had the accident been truly her fault or was it inevitable? What if she had never asked for the leftovers? All the questions filled her head as she played the 'what

if' game. The only question she truly wanted an answer for though was that Clarke was okay.

They will tell her that time will heal. That years from now they will be okay as if these moments never happened. People get over things because time allows them to work it out with their heart. The problem was her heart was not hers to keep anymore. With every number that passed today, the pain that controlled her body did not get better. No science or mathematics could help her understand in that moment that time does not exist because no amount of time could pass without guilt shaking her body for the rest of her life.

A/N: Any thoughts? Hope you are enjoying it so far. The next chapter is going to reveal the base of this whole story so hold onto your seats people. Thank you for reading! Good night or morning to wherever you are reading this!

End
file.